December 20, 1949

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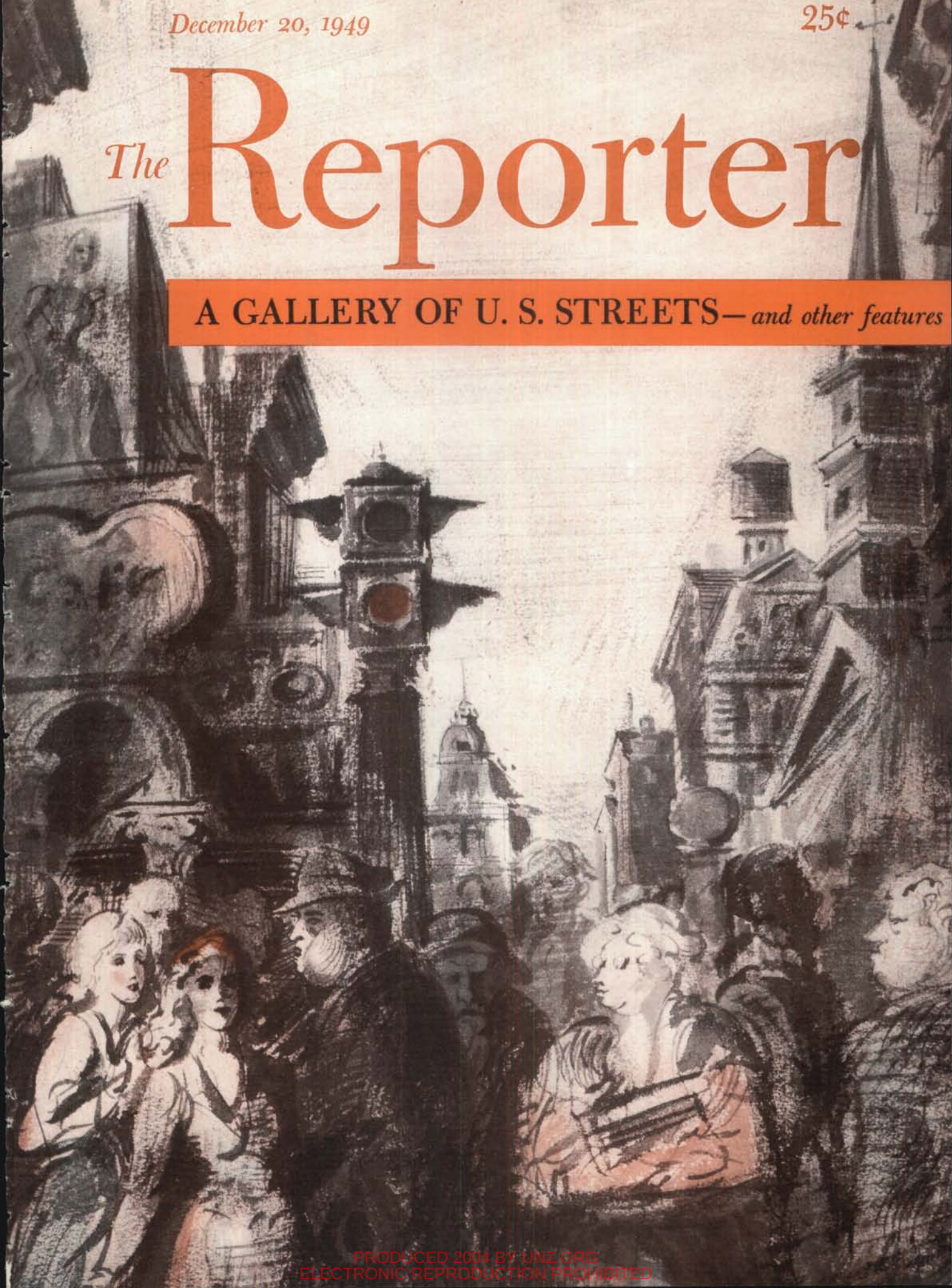
The Reporter

A GALLERY OF U. S. STREETS—*and other features*



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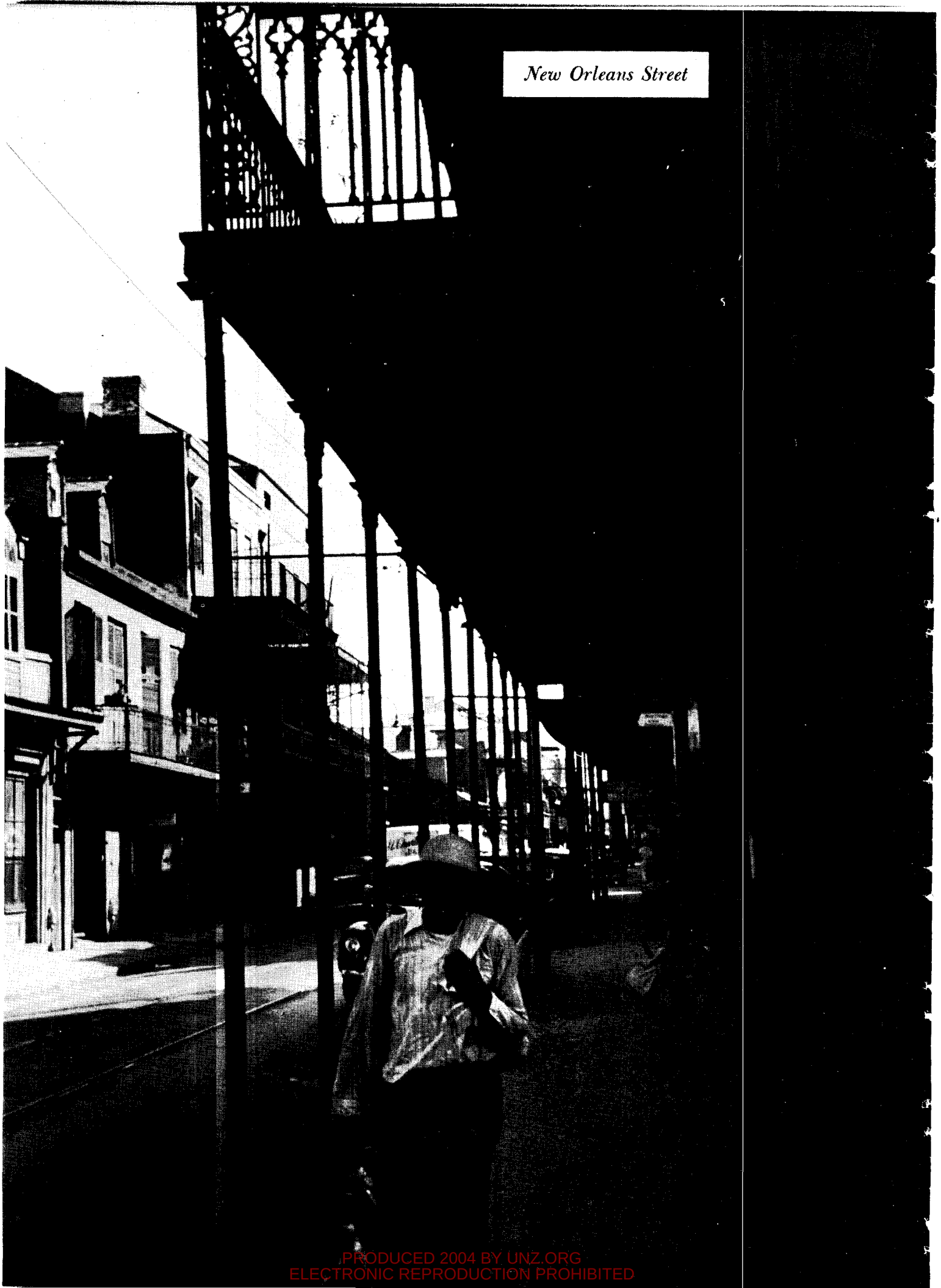

New Orleans Street

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December 20, 1949

The Reporter

A fortnightly of facts and ideas

Volume 1, No. 18

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Once again *The Reporter* focuses the spotlight on people rather than on politics or economics. This time we are not concerned with unhappy people in foreign countries persecuted by war and revolution. We look at some of our own people in their special environments—the streets of our own great cities and small towns. *The Reporter* is always deeply concerned with politics, but politics can be a technician's game, a cruel abstraction, unless from time to time we take care to look at the people whose lives all politics is supposed to serve.

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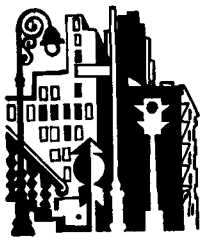
Editorial

What We Stand For



It is more than seven months since we started putting out *The Reporter*. By now we have a core of readers who know what we are doing and like it. They are the friends we have made. But there are also many people who are only casually acquainted with our effort and who do not quite know what to make of it.

They ask questions like these: What do you stand for? How far to the left or to the right are you? You seem to be middle-of-the-roaders, but how many degrees right or left of center?

We don't think these questions can be honestly answered without first exploring their meaning. For the more we work at interpreting the political situation of our country, the more we realize how obsolete and hollow the notions of Right and Left have become. Actually both the right and the left wings have been clipped off our political system. Our country has barely enough lunatics on the fringes to form small and shrill groups that keep busy denouncing one another.

Even the less radical differences between the major parties are constantly narrowing down. When the time to collect votes for the Presidency comes around, the so-called Left, represented by the variously named Deals, goes all out to please every group and to give assurances to every interest. The so-called Right tries hard to prove that it is not so much to the right after all. If the word Center defines anything at all, it defines the nation as a whole and not any effective political group within it. This trend, which is inherent in the very nature of the American political system, has been greatly accentuated since the New Deal. Now it is accompanied by another phenomenon of even greater importance: The Right and the Left that the United States does not have at home exist abroad, both powerfully organized, and the outcome of their conflict largely depends on United States policy.

The Left and Right, the bleak, overpowering Left and Right, bent on exploiting the people in the interest of a small class, either of property owners or of officeholders, do not have strength here except in the morbid imaginations of some disingenuous dreamers. The Left exists abroad; it is made up of a tightly ruled group of nations that expect the ruin of America and work for it. The Right exists abroad too, and our government must at all cost avoid the danger of strengthening it in the effort to counteract the provocation of the Communists. While the conflict goes on, we could not fall into a more tragic mistake than to consider the game of politics in our country in terms of the political war that rages abroad.

When political compasses are used here at home the needles move loosely around the middle, situating practically everybody in the same broad central zone. Abroad compasses are even less trustworthy unless used in conjunction with finer instruments—all the electronic devices, all the radar and sonar equipment that political ingenuity may devise so that national policy can move steadily along a center course.

To say that we at *The Reporter* are middle-of-the-roaders is to state the obvious. It is about as illuminating as to say that we are mammals, vaccinated, and night sleepers. Yet there is a great and most urgent need for points of reference that may allow us to see what is right and what is wrong, what is a fact and what are obsessions of the past still crowding on us. There is need for a resettlement of the relationship between political ideas and political realities, so that ideas may serve us like lenses and make us see in all their details the realities on which we have to operate.

The Reporter exists because a group of American writers became acutely aware of these needs. *The Reporter* believes, like nearly everybody else in America, in freedom of the individual, but rather than sermonize, it tries to carry its belief into every one of its pages by actually showing its respect for the individual freedom and the intellectual integrity of its readers.

It has become only too fashionable in this country to offer the reader predigested, condensed news and opinions prepared so that they may be assimilated at a faster and faster pace. *The Reporter* moves definitely against this trend. We think that we can understand the basic issues of our day faster by moving slowly and deliberately, tackling their causes one by one.

We try to clarify the problems as much as we can. We want to appeal not only to the intelligence of our readers but also to their imaginations, to their hearts, and to their senses of humor. But above all, we trust their capacity to assimilate and digest by themselves the facts and the ideas on which we have worked and that we present to them.

For too long liberalism has represented a depressed and depressing area in the American political landscape, particularly since most of the liberal reforms that had been advocated for a long time have been translated into laws. But a new political struggle is on—not on a national but on an international scale—and in this struggle the liberal values need to be thoroughly cleansed of triteness and smugness. They need to reacquire all their assertiveness and buoyancy, for they are the only values that can give safety and peace to the world. *The Reporter* is all out for this militant and buoyant liberalism.

—M. A.

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New York . . .

Second Avenue

Manhattan floats like some splendid fish between the rivers that dominate its spirit, the aristocratic Hudson and the plebeian East River. Lodged in its eastern underbelly lies Second Avenue, a rusty hundred-and-twenty-five-block pipeline from Brooklyn to Harlem—as shabby, busy, and unpretentious as its neighboring river of coal barges, sewage whiffs, faded piers, and ancient markets. Its cobblestones have aged along with the city. After the Lower East Side, where the first immigrants disembarked, it was among the earliest streets in New York to be populated, with each European disaster (the 1848 revolution, the Irish potato famine, wars, and pogroms) casting up waves of Germans, Irish, Slavs, and Jews, who thrust the avenue farther uptown. But whereas the streets near the harbor were occupied so early and deteriorated so much that they had to be rebuilt, Second Avenue has been left in a kind of limbo. Its cobblestones and the raw red brick that runs through it like earth have been repaired only here and there, so that it has taken on the texture of a huge aged mosaic.

The haphazard quality of the avenue—its patchwork of nationalities and occupations—is the quality of New York itself. Central Europeans adjoin each other on the avenue's sparser northern tail, while nationalities originally bordering Russia jostle amicably at its congested southern head. The side streets are battered by many kinds of commerce, for where other sections have taken over the managerial functions of industrial society, the homelier and grittier aspects of storage and transport have been left to Second Avenue, which is at all points invaded by trucks, warehouses, smokestacks, and wholesale stores. And it is just this ubiquitous homeliness that redeems the avenue.

We have learned, in our technical civilization, to make profitable use of scraps, and in this neighborhood one sees signs everywhere of temperamental defenses erected against the pulverizing physical environment. In the sidewalk faces, stoicism prevails over vivacity, reserve and dignity over artifice. Outside a bar, an elderly woman examines a drunk on the sidewalk and tenders her advice in a calm and resigned way. An Italian housewife dramatically calls from a second-story fire escape for help from the traffic cop at the intersection below, then props her elbows on the windowsill and patiently waits till he is free to assist her. There is a general air among these people of being able to take for granted just about all of the major facts of existence. Neither crisis nor contrast can startle them: They are masters of adaptation, confident improvisers. If you walk through a red door into the dingy but hospitable cave of the City Market, where one-time pushcart peddlers can now rent a respectable permanent indoor stall for six dollars a week, you notice that the stalls are just makeshift heaps of fruit and vegetable crates, that paper and straw clutter floors, and that the vast wall space is haphazardly exploited by a few tacked-up rows of underwear, scarves, and aprons.

Where physical props are makeshift, one expects and finds a certain simplicity and directness of human intercourse. On Second Avenue, the grocer will put down his oranges to philosophize with the casual shopper on the place of women (which, not suprisingly, he feels is in the home), or on the two-cent rise of butter.

All along the avenue flourish social units that urban life rarely encourages: uptown, the Czech *Sokols,* meeting halls for beer and a game of cards at night, and lecture-rooms where in the afternoons children learn the native language of their parents; the German-Austrian *Konditoreien* (pastry shops), where customers transact business, discuss politics, hold hands, or read newspapers; and downtown, the Jewish community centers where children of poor families organize communal hikes or private bouts with clay and paints.

In this general atmosphere of egalitarianism the normal pressures to conformity evaporate. Back in the nineteenth century, Pastor William Guthrie gave way to a burst of zeal for revealing the one in the many by working out, at St. Mark's in the Bouwerie, a ritual based on the essential unity of all religions which brought Greek danc-

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ing and American Indian chants within the confines of an Episcopal church. Since then the avenue's confusion of ethnic and social categories has grown apace.

The Yorkville section has its avalanche of sausages: plockwurst, cervalatwurst, mettwurst, bauernwurst, leberwurst, rotwurst, and knackwurst; its Bavarian cafés with band concerts; and its strong ties with families remaining in Europe, as demonstrated by the presence of the Hamburg-Bremen Steamship Line, importers, and translators, and the signs in every second or third store window advertising parcels for overseas. Food stores and even trimming shops volunteer this service, apparently as good business policy. In the Hungarian section you can look for the *Amerikai Magyar Nepszava* (the native-language daily), Tokay wine, and quiet restaurants whose waiters have the manner of imparting a rare confidence as they serve subtly sauced veal *paprika* and the flakiest of strudels. Little Bohemia, a few blocks below, takes pride in its tripe soup, *zelior kapusta* (stuffed cabbage), and roast goose.

In the midst of this variety we find the firmness and solidity of the central European physique, which is hardy, large-boned, and of simple line. Sturdy and unadorned, the women have well-developed thighs and substantial grace of leg. Their faces are blond and squarish, their noses short, and though fine wrinkles occur frequently among young as well as old, these do not detract from the impression of vigor and youthfulness. The women carry heavy shopping bags with the easy poise of ancient pitcher-carriers, and their typical expression suggests endless competence, maternalism, and reserve.

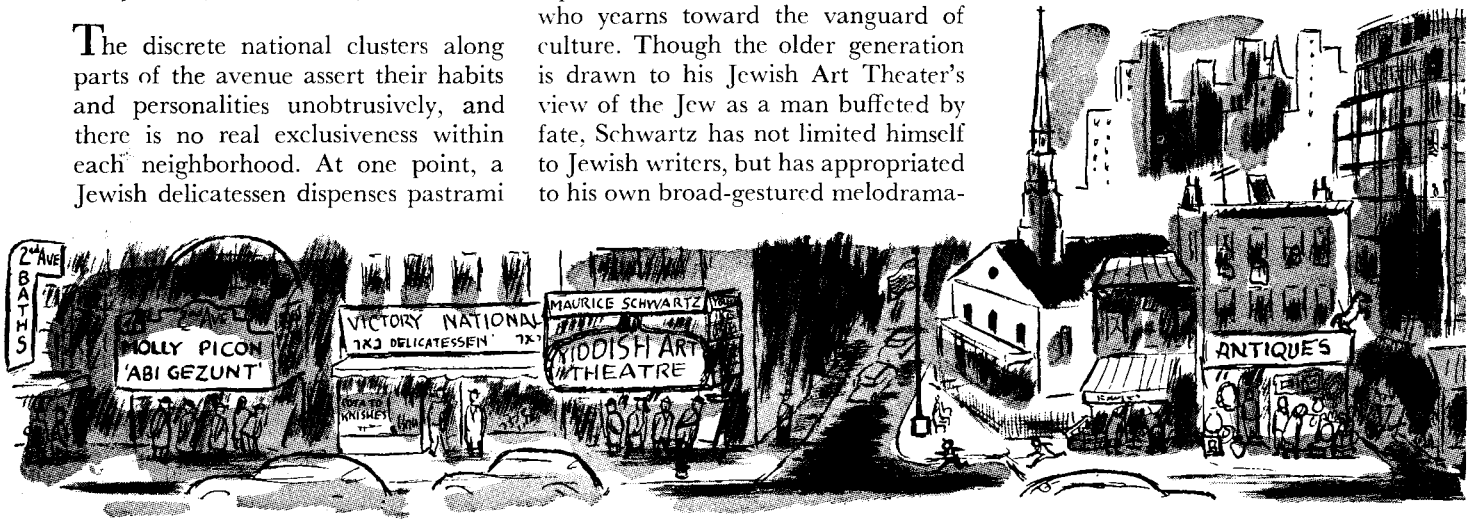
The discrete national clusters along parts of the avenue assert their habits and personalities unobtrusively, and there is no real exclusiveness within each neighborhood. At one point, a Jewish delicatessen dispenses pastrami sandwiches on rye to the Italian residents and assorted truck drivers, and on almost every corner there will be a Mulvaney's, O'Rourke's, or Connolly's Bar and Grill. Fluent Czech or Hungarian may be the language of the kitchen, but in the streets and at business, American slang takes over. The beer garden and folk dance compete with church bingo, bowling, and movies. In the midst of a typical Yorkville conglomeration—variety shops, carpet exchanges, a *Brauhall*—stands a little restaurant proudly named "American Lunch."

Downtown, on the other hand, where Houston Street turns into the beginnings of Second Avenue, the dense homogeneity of the "Jewish Rialto" has created a world of its own. A uniformly rich, spicy smell threads its way from the corned beef and *matjes* herring at the National Kosher Delicatessen to the spinach cutlet at the vegetarian dairy restaurant, from the potato and kasha *knish* (dumpling) at the snack bar to the ten-course meal at the bourgeois Romanian restaurant.

This is the only neighborhood that has encouraged its own national drama. Within a few blocks, the Jewish theaters encompass three levels of taste. Vera Rosanke's plays a free-and-easy *Folkspiel* program that mixes movies and vaudeville, vaunts the comic, and repeats the same familiar prosaic folk situations with no loss of popular support. At the Second Avenue Theater, Molly Picon, in some ways the female approximation of the early Eddie Cantor, draws her irrepressibly boisterous portrait of the sensible "woiking goil" (the title of one of her songs) adapting to American life. Maurice Schwartz represents the westernized intellectual who yearns toward the vanguard of culture. Though the older generation is drawn to his Jewish Art Theater's view of the Jew as a man buffeted by fate, Schwartz has not limited himself to Jewish writers, but has appropriated to his own broad-gestured melodramatic style the plays of Gorki, Rolland, Andreiev, Ernst Toller, Gogol, and even Oscar Wilde.

In most aspects, the Jewish Rialto is a spirited member of the Second Avenue family: basically proletarian, imbued with habits of openness, directness, and neighborliness (some doors are never locked, even at night). Nevertheless, it has not remained altogether impervious to outside influences. In the lobby of the *Folkspiel* theater, the fur jacket sets the tone. Over the ticket cage, a campaign photograph of Franklin Roosevelt looks out, reminding one of the trinity of deities above the Italian peasant's bed in Carlo Levi's *Christ Stopped at Eboli*: a Madonna, an American dollar, and a portrait of Roosevelt. "Home-cooking" restaurants like Molly's blaze neon signs that are visible twenty blocks away, and the dingy Second Avenue Baths boastfully advertises television.

Surrounding this glowing center of Jewish bounty are areas of threat and strangeness. On Houston Street, opposite the *knish* emporium, one looks into the untidy back yards of poverty, with their web of frayed clotheslines and unfinished brick. Below, a cement handball court in a lot without even a pretense of greenery makes a typically forlorn Ben Shahn landscape. Alongside the court middle-aged Italian men in creased leather jackets or sharp navy-blue coats and Stetson hats build casual fires in cold weather, and spend their evenings at the game of *bocci*. *Bocci* may be described as a more communal and crafty kind of shuffleboard, in which a small marked ball is aimed at with the same care a city boy lavishes on rolling his glass



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aggie. *Bocci* is really an adult and disciplined form of marbles. In the evening the guests of neighboring Bowery flophouses use the dark store entrances to partake co-operatively of cheap whiskey. Occasionally, lured by the brightness and bustle, they overflow onto Second Avenue, decorous in their drunkenness, not daring to offend even by the mild and expected practice of panhandling. Usually a sort of informal truce prevails, under which the Bowery group tries its best not to make itself a nuisance, and the Jewish community offers an indifferent hospitality.

Between these two larger masses of transplanted cultures—the central European uptown and the Jews and Slavs below—Second Avenue takes on a seedy, atomized, dissonant aspect. South of Yorkville huddles a bleak slum area and an electric powerhouse. Garages straddle tenements. These are the homes of the down-and-outers, the family men with no steady jobs. Several blocks are cluttered with decorators' marts and antique shops that turn one face toward the impressible rich but are aware that in desperate times salvation may lie in selling their wares to the thrifty poor as "used furniture." Rows of furnished rooms in dirtied, rubbed-off tenements along here create a Tenth Avenue of the east side. In the lower Forties, one looks east toward the steel, glass, and marble structure of the United Nations; and beyond it, to the huge neon signs of the Pepsi-Cola plant in Long Island City. So are internationalisms juxtaposed: ideals versus commodities. Just below, the horizon flattens out. There are few large buildings, and a playground even pops up. The first green spot can be seen here, in the geometrical formal landscaping that graces the entrance to the Queens Midtown Tunnel.

From here all the way down to the Jewish Rialto, the populace is at the mercy of a dozen gloomy medical institutions, both charitable and exclusive. The massive buildings in their streaky brick give off a stale emanation of sickness which is likely to assail the passer-by with a nervous melancholia. Even the bustling park in front of Beth Israel Hospital seems only a solemn pretense that intensifies the region's institutional severity. From First Avenue loom the cavernous, prison-like red walls of the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company's Stuyvesant Town, an ominous suggestion of what Second Avenue's antiseptic future may be.

From the side streets, at several points, the fragrance of wealth steals in. At Seventy-ninth and Eightieth one sees a few middle-class apartment houses, whose tenants are apparently not altogether at ease in their milieu. Typical is the dowager who will carefully choose her cakes in the safe American refuge of Hanscom's, away from the profusion of Hungarian and Viennese pastries. Below Yorkville, another high-rental structure is springing up in one block, and there is very little chance that the tumbling, malleable poverty of Second will remain undisturbed for long. One Hungarian pastry shop off the avenue displays genteel murals and plays classical music on WQXR for its mink-jacketed clientele. Near the long queues waiting at the foot of the bridge for busses to Queens (native Manhattanites would never accept the discipline of a bus line), there are a few expensive-looking delicatessens that adumbrate the atmosphere of Sutton Place.

If Broadway—the midtown Broadway of blinding neon glare and giant billboards, as well as the uptown extension of middle class residences—is the city's public face, its self-consciously-donned costume for visitors, Second Avenue is heart and plasma, where only the sober business of living occupies the time and imagination. Its people are materialists in the fundamental sense: Immune to the insidious corruption of exchange value, they choose their wares for immediate use and comfort. There is none of the wastage and oversupply of property that one shamefully feels around, say, Ninety-sixth Street and Broadway, a neighborhood that differs from Second Avenue not so much in financial level as in philosophy. Compare to the West Side's immodest hoard of arty lamps, costume jewelry, lingerie, and art prints, a typical Yorkville store's neat display of dried cereals and beans, or Rohr's Coffee Roasting Establishment, with its brisk odors of freshly ground and roasted coffee and its mounds of loose tea in separate bins. Second Avenue has its place for connoisseurs, but not for gourmets—and it has no heart for empty display.

Its autos and small trucks have a dented, worn appearance: they have been used for business *and* for taking children to Orchard Beach or Coney Island during the week end. Second Avenue life, despite its multiplicity, encourages organic patterns. It is one of the few places in the city that recognizes no gap between business and pleasure, home and street. Here married children frequently live close to their parents, perpetuating the old rural habit in which the son is bound to his father's farm.

Perhaps it is an impulse toward the organic that induces us to roam the streets around Second Avenue. Certainly aesthetics doesn't draw the walker, but the natural rhythms of existence. The avenue's lights burn with a mild economical radiance too dim to attract professional spectators—and in any case you cannot be a spectator for long: someone will promptly ask if he can help you—but they burn bright enough to invite any outsider who responds to the temper of a simple community, and steadily enough to remind us unprepossessingly of the good society.

—Isa Kapp

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Ada, Ohio...

Main Street

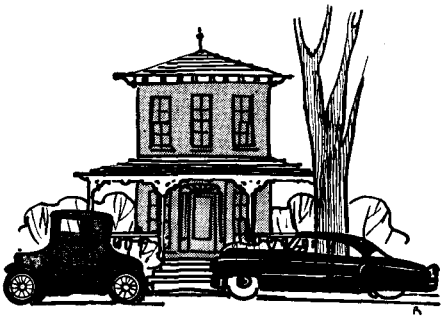
Main Street in Ada, Ohio, is really only a mile-and-a-half stretch of State Route 69 where there happen to be houses and buildings. No part of Main Street, which is about all there is to Ada, is more than a few hundred feet from open farming country, the flat fields of Ohio, spaced occasionally with a small, stark stand of trees.

Because of the way the Land Office surveyors laid out the counties more than one hundred years ago, all the roads in that part of Ohio run very straight and are crossed by other roads that run very straight exactly a mile apart. If you want to know how far it is between two farms or two towns, you can simply count off the mile sections in your head like city blocks. At county lines the straight roads often miss each other by fifteen or twenty feet and there will be a sharp jog to the left or right; the Land Office surveyors sometimes made mistakes.

The life of small Ohio towns has inspired few poets, and it has provided subject matter for only the handful of painters who for some reason wanted to express the bleakness and awkwardness that is to be found in the Midwest. Thirty years ago Sherwood Anderson described an imaginary Ohio town which was in many ways like Ada. The people of *Winesburg, Ohio* were twisted into grotesque shapes by the pettiness and the sterility of their lives. There was always the menace of violence, erupting out of a painfully restrained, largely sexual, craving. Describing some of the residents of Winesburg, Anderson wrote, "Into their lives came little that was not coarse and brutal and outwardly they were themselves coarse and brutal."

The people of Ada would very properly resent being called outwardly coarse and brutal. If appearances are to be trusted, Ada is a very up-to-date town. The people have their radios, their movies, and even a few television sets—just like the people in Cleveland or Chicago. Their Sunday clothes are the latest style, and the sleek hoods of their new Buicks are decorated with the same up-to-date chromium portholes one sees anywhere else. The people of Ada are wealthy enough to afford the sophisticated, cellophane-wrapped products of the big cities, but prosperous people in Ada have no desire to forget the farms from which their wealth came, and they cannot forget the hard, lonely work the soil requires of those who want to be prosperous. The people of Ada are inclined to feel no shame or inferiority about the honest coarseness that comes from working the soil and dealing with animals. Ada cannot be uprooted from the land that surrounds it and which it serves. The soil is still close, and the rhythms of nature continue to be the compelling pattern: spring and fall, growth and maturity, birth and death.

Ada is halfway between U. S. Routes 30 North and 30 South on State Route 69, and about sixty miles south of Toledo in the northwestern part of the state. Main Street is the business, cultural, and social center for about seven thousand Ohioans: three thousand permanent residents, another three thousand members of farm families within a radius of ten miles, who come to town at least once a week, and more than a thousand students at Ohio Northern University.



The town, which is near Findlay and Lima, and not far from other small towns like New Stark, Bluffton, Beaverdam, and Upper Sandusky, was originally created by the railroad, which is now its main line of communication. Back in the 1850's, when they were building the old Ohio and Indiana line, a man named S. M. Johnson set up a sawmill, where Ada is now, to cut fuel for the wood-burning engines. Later he went into hoop poles and barrel staves, and a town began to grow up around the sawmill. In 1870 the Northwestern Ohio Normal School was established. The Methodists took over the school in 1904, and changed the name to Ohio Northern University.

The marshy ground around the sawmill was good for onions, and that was the main crop for a long time. They still grow onions over by Dola, seven miles east. The Stambaughs, who are the richest people in town, made a lot of their money in onions. Of course, old George Stambaugh got into Youngstown Sheet and Tube afterwards, and that's where he made most of it. In his later years he had a private track for his race horses outside of town. The big brick mansion off Main Street on the north side of town belongs to the Stambaughs. The Widow Stambaugh lives there by herself now, all alone in an elaborate twenty-one room Romanesque villa, surrounded by bare corn-

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fields and hog pastures.

They say old George Stambaugh offered a big endowment to Ohio Northern years back, and the Methodists refused it because he kept race horses and was a betting man. Things have changed a lot since then; the new President of Ohio Northern, Dr. F. Bringle McIntosh, has a daughter who sings and dances in the road show of "Brigadoon."

The railroad—now part of the Pennsylvania—cuts across Main Street right in the middle of town. Most of the stores and office buildings are in the first two blocks north of the tracks. There used to be a rule at the university, which is south of the tracks, forbidding students to live in the rough and commercial north end. The Idle Hour Billiards and Bowling Emporium is just across the street from the Midway Café. There are no package stores in Ada, and the Midway is the only place in town where any alcoholic beverage is sold; The Midway serves 3.2 beer. Mrs. Dickerson, a leader of the W.C.T.U. in the state of Ohio, lives in Ada and keeps a vigilant eye on the Midway.

The only person with any reputation at all as a public drinker in Ada is a hired hand from a farm out by New Stark. Every Saturday he goes into the Midway a little after noon and begins drinking 3.2 beer. He drinks all afternoon and by five or six o'clock after several dozen beers he feels like getting some fresh air, and he spends most of the evening standing moodily on the sidewalk in front of the Midway, chewing tobacco and speaking to nobody.

The Idle Hour and the Midway are popular with the students at Ohio Northern. They also like to go to Moore's Newsstand, near the station, where there are card tables and a television set.

On Saturday evenings, of course, Main Street is lined with farmers. They lean against the buildings and against their own cars parked at the curb, and they talk. While the women are shopping and the young folks are at the movies, the men exchange information about crops and stock—soybeans, corn, sugar beets, hogs, and sheep.

Right around Ada is some of the best pheasant-hunting territory in the Midwest. During the fall the reports of shotguns are heard all day from the fields and woods outside of town. The hunters are limited to two birds a day during the season, but the other day one farmer complained that after he had bagged his quota he had been attacked by a fat cock pheasant right on his own land, and had been obliged to shoot in self-defense. This happens quite often around Ada. Pheasants are more plentiful this year than they have been for years, and rabbits are all over the place.

When there is no reason to dress up—like going to a wedding or a funeral or a party—the men dress comfortably, with leather jackets over their denim suits, and the wives wear wool socks and flat heels. But their daughters, who may be attending the movies with students from Ohio Northern while their parents do the shopping and meet their friends, are fitted out with low-cut jersey blouses and mushroom-pleated skirts with wide leather belts. There are now two theaters in Ada; the Odeon is open only Saturday and Sunday nights, but the Ada has an early and a late show every evening of the week.

Much of the social life of Ada is centered in the churches, of which there are seven. During the holiday season church supper-dances and Christmas pageants are going on all the time.

The two chiropractors of Ada work late on Saturday evenings. Farmers are always good customers for chiropractors. There are also four general practitioners and two dentists in Ada. At last reckoning, there were no psychoanalysts.

In Ada there are almost twice as many churches as doctors; in New York there are six times as many doctors as churches, not counting psychoanalysts.

Over one of the two banks on Main Street north of the tracks is the office of the telephone company. Telephonic communication in Ada is conducted on a very informal basis. Last week Henry Kamerer, a retired farmer who now runs a small dry-cleaning establishment in Ada, had a little unpleasantness with one of the day operators. "I picked up the phone and asked for the coal company," reported Mr. Kamerer, "and she says, 'The *number* is 695!' Real sweet like that, she says it. It was that fresh new girl, Betty Whatsername from over there by Jenera. I told her I'd write them a letter, if she wanted it all so hoity-toity."

Also on the north side of the tracks is the new Municipal Building. The mayor's office, the fire station, and the jail are in the Municipal Building. No one can remember the last time there was a prisoner in the jail. There are four policemen and they each work a six-hour shift, so that one of them is on duty all the time. Last Homecoming Day at Ohio Northern—when there were a lot of parties in the fraternity

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houses—somebody stole the siren and the searchlight off the police car while the cop on duty was having supper in the Midway.

Over the doors of both banks are large old-fashioned burglar alarms to summon the policeman on duty in case anyone should try to break in.

Mayor K. W. Preston, now serving his second term in office, has his place of business south of the tracks. He is a mortician, and his funeral home handles about two burials a week. It's a profitable business in Ada.

South of the railroad tracks, where the buildings of Ohio Northern stand, is the more fashionable part of town. Most of the houses are the white clapboard Victorian structures which are common in the Midwest; the basic austerity of their design is broken up by fancy ironwork and superfluous little front porches. There are also some dark and forbidding stone structures in the style known as "General Grant Gothic," and one or two attractive houses of Western Reserve style, an interesting modification of New England Colonial design, which was brought to northern Ohio in the eighteenth century when the area was the Western Reserve of the State of Connecticut. The houses are big, awkward, and comfortable.

The people who live in the houses are retired farmers, storekeepers, and professors at the university. Nearly everyone takes in a few students as roomers. Ten of the houses along Main Street are occupied by fraternities and three by sororities. The Greek letters are displayed on neon signs over the front doors.

Ohio Northern University itself is several blocks south of the tracks, a half-dozen three-story brick buildings surrounded by cannons and cement benches which have been donated by graduating classes through the years. Besides the liberal-arts college, there are three graduate schools—engineering, pharmacy, and the Warren G. Harding School of Law. The newly inaugurated President, Dr. McIntosh, a red-faced Methodist minister, sees the future of Ohio Northern clearly: "We are going to continue as a small university. We want each of our four schools to be as good as it can be, and we want the enrollment to be small enough so that the students know the professors personally. And above all, we want to communicate to the students a healthy sense of the sound religious purpose behind all our work."

The wives of the professors and the other ladies of Ada have organized more than ten discussion groups which meet once or twice a month in the homes of the members. Several of the ladies will read papers which they have prepared for the occasion, and then later the husbands join the ladies for a big supper. There are The Twice Ten Art Club (so-called because there are always twenty members), The Zetetic Club (so-called for no reason the present president can recall), The Research Club, and The Entre Nous Club, to mention only a few. At the last meeting of The Research Club, Mrs. Tipple, the dentist's wife, presented a nice paper on "What the United Nations Means to Me." The members of The Zetetic Club can hardly wait until next summer, when one of their number, Mrs. Binkley, comes back from England, where she has been with Professor Binkley, who is a guest lecturer at Oxford University this year.

Professor Binkley is one of the town's leading intellectuals. Although he teaches at a university of which most people have never heard, his books on American political parties are studied at many more famous universities throughout the world.

There are poets in Ada, too. Mrs. Elora McCrosky Holmes has contributed a religious poem for the holiday season to the Ada *Herald*. It begins:

My people, my neighbors, my friends, and our children:
Holding you all so dear as I do,
I am thinking about you and talking about you,
To our Heavenly Father—that's who.
I would love so to have you go with me to Heaven,
That beautiful city four-square:
But unless you turn over a leaf that is cleaner,
We'll not be together up there.

Mrs. Holmes's poem goes on in much the same vein at some length, and ends up with a stern warning from Proverbs 27:1, "Boast not thyself of tomorrow . . . ." Such neighborly rebukes are not uncommon in Ada.

The lead story of the *Herald* in which Mrs. Holmes's poem appears, runs in the upper right-hand column of the front page under the headline:

VOLUME OF HOLIDAY
MAIL SETS RECORD
AT POST OFFICE

Bart Snyder, who puts out the weekly editions of the Ada *Herald* on his own flat-bed presses, also does job printing for the university. He gets a lot of help on the newspaper from his two pretty red-headed daughters whenever they're home from journalism school at Ohio State. Mr. Snyder says that Ada "is a good town to bring up kids in."

It's been close to fifteen years since there were more than one or two Ada families on relief. The politics of the town is generally straight Republican in national elections, though in local matters party lines are not rigidly followed; Mayor Preston, for instance, is a Democrat. Back in the 1930's the WPA built a new post office for Ada. It looks exactly like all other WPA post offices.

Of course, not everything is wholesome and healthy in Ada. The grotesqueness and the menace of violence which Sherwood Anderson saw in Winesburg, Ohio, a generation ago and which anyone who reads newspapers can see anywhere in the world, are not entirely absent from Ada. A year ago there was a story about the 'teen-age daughter of one of the most prominent families in the church life of Ada. She was a fat girl and not very pretty. After she left her baby-sitting jobs in the evening, she was walking around to the fraternity houses at Ohio Northern and offering herself to the boys. And just the other Saturday night one of the doctors' sons, a good-looking fellow in his early twenties, killed himself on the lawn of the Masonic Temple. He had never seemed to be properly himself since he came back from the war, and everybody in Ada knew about the family trouble he was having. There's always a lot of gossip in a small town, but the smallness of the community also prevents tragedies from being anonymous and meaningless. People who are familiar with farming understand very well the failures which naturally attend any process of growth. —ROBERT K. BINGHAM

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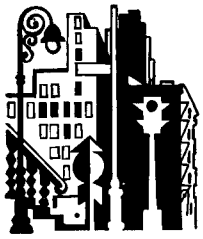
Kansas City . . .

Twelfth Street



Twelfth, or Sin, Street in Kansas City, Missouri, really begins at its western terminus, a hundred and some feet down in the flat valley of the Kaw, or Kansas, River. For a long time this was called the West Bottoms; now it is known as the Central Industrial District, but transcontinental Pullman occupants still identify it readily by the mournful bellowing of steers and the ceaseless olfactory duel between the glue factories and Loose-Wiles's cookie bakery.

From a bluff not high enough to escape such humble but profitable smells, Twelfth Street runs due east (roughly parallel to the Missouri River and never more than ten blocks from it) for a dozen miles, until it almost hits the muddy Missouri's second tributary, the Blue. At right angles to Sin Street, just south of its westernmost thirty blocks or so, lies a rectangle filled with a jumble of factories, shops, office buildings, and parking lots, ending at, say, Twenty-eighth, where a fifteen-mile-long rectangle of handsome houses and boulevards begins.

In the 1900's, the six blocks between Broadway and Grand—then as now a double row of nondescript buildings better seen at night and from the inside, or, better still, in terms of the people in them—were the center of society, from tailcoats to tarts. They are still the center of the hotel, shopping, and business-office districts, though both white ties and white slaves have vanished, and Karmel Korn and jimcrack souvenir shops have taken over many a spot where strong rye and strong language once flowed. Like the snow goose, life has flown south, leaving a deserted backwash where, at night, historic Twelfth Street echoes only to the croaking of an occasional bum.

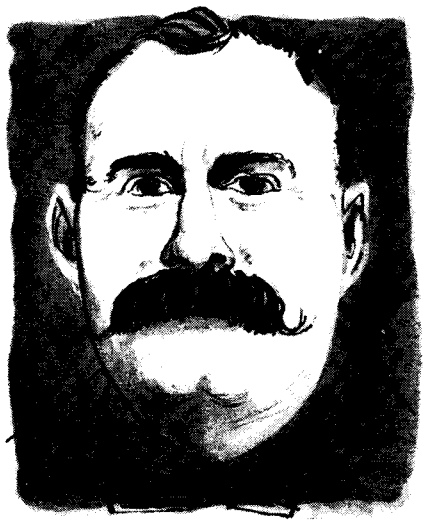
Twelfth Street was nothing at all—just an undrawn line through the forbidding hills — when the town of Kansas was founded in 1838 on the Missouri levee. It was still nothing in 1845, when Senator Thomas Hart Benton of Missouri, great-uncle of the artist who paints there today, watched the stern-wheelers steam westward up the Missouri to meet the wagon trains of the Oregon Trail, and rumbled, "Gentlemen, there is the gateway to India."

Kansas City began to realize its destiny at the close of the War Between the States, when the interrupted flow of homesteaders and prospectors swelled to floodtide, and Colonel Kersey Coates snatched the first trans-Missouri rail link away from St. Joe and Leavenworth. Soon cattle-poor Texas began driving its steers to Kansas City, which rapidly became the biggest market. Saloons, brothels, hotels, and boarding houses sprouted from the red clay like March crocuses. Fists and greenbacks became the currency of masculine prowess, and variety-show girls who doubled as waitresses saw to it that no one carried too much of the latter away.

In 1880 Big Jim Pendergast arrived from Ireland via the effete East, threaded his way through a corridor of touts, pimps, and pickpockets at the cupolaed new depot, found a convenient boardinghouse, and went to work as an iron puddler. The roaring frontier era was drawing to a close. In 1881 open gambling was banned by the Missouri Legislature, and Bob Potee, the best faro dealer east of the Barbary Coast, walked out into the Missouri until his iron hat floated gently downstream. So much the better for Jim Pendergast, a big fellow with enormous drooping mustaches, who never forgot a man's face, name, or problem, and who felt strongly that any wage earner should be able to hold his liquor and take the bulk of his pay home to the missus.

Big Jim's first tangible contribution to the law and order in which he believed was The American Inn, a high-class "tabble doat" boardinghouse. In premises safely guarded from lady guests, he opened a saloon, and the solidest citizens of the town soon came to nurse the two drinks to which Jim rigorously limited them, and to seek advice from a natural-born leader.

By 1886 the West Bottoms had become so industrial that the very poor were being squeezed onto the levee and south up the tortuous slits that were Broadway and Wyandotte, Delaware, Main, and Grand. With no thought of deserting his Kaw Valley parishioners,



'Big Jim' Pendergast

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Jim opened a second saloon on North Main, and thereafter became father-confessor to the Second Ward as well.

So that was where and how and when Twelfth Street and Jim Pendergast, Sr. began. A half-mile-long viaduct 110 feet above Bluff Street was built in 1914 to take the long lines of factory-feeding trucks down to streets where nobody lived any more, and where nobody got off the cars of Kansas City's seventeen railroads any more, either; for that same year they unveiled the stunning new Union Station, still the handsomest passenger depot in the world, out on Twenty-fourth Street between Main and Broadway.

On a brilliant late Indian-summer day I stare down at the western terminus of Twelfth Street, and try to remember if that gray building under the mammoth Macy billboard was the old Blossom House, so long an oasis of middle-class respectability in a shimmering desert of rich and poor shame. Macy's is absolutely the newest thing in Kansas City. The spot down there beneath the tangle of crisscross freight tracks where I heard my first breathless string of fascinating four-letter words must surely be one of the oldest landmarks.

Now, after the decades (thirty-nine years since I heard the four-letter words, twenty-four since I lived and worked here), I feel the need of re-orientation. There are eight or nine miles of Twelfth Street stretching out before me straight as a royal flush to Blue Valley and beyond.

One house here at Washington Street stands on the city's highest peak, old Quality Hill. Whoever built it is no longer remembered. But as late as the early 1900's it was Doc Carson's crutch-lined Temple of Health, and only a year or so ago it flourished briefly as an expensive restaurant with (so everybody imagined) dice and card tables upstairs. Now it is nothing again, an empty hull smelling of burned cooking fat and almost vanished scent, although the neon sign says "Sammy's Bar-B-Q." The shadow of the Cathedral of the Immaculate Conception still juts across from Eleventh Street, for the priests and sisters, like the Pendergasts, have stoutly resisted the temptation to desert the needy, leaving it to the fashionable Methodists and

Tom Pendergast

Presbyterians to leapfrog one depressed area after another in the mad rush to the Elysian Fields.

On down near Central, one long, low building has a familiar look. The Missouri Hotel, it says. On one side of the narrow lobby is a novelty shop featuring a special on packaged whiskey. On the other is a Greek beanery, and beyond it at the corner the Folly, which describes itself as a burlesque-vaudeville house. Heaven knows, the full-length photographs of half-clothed females are no fit advertisements for burlesque or vaudeville, or sex, or anything but the poignancy of unwanted old age. Shades of Ann Pennington, I mutter. Then it all comes back with a rush: This is where the Golden Age of Twelfth Street began.

To this very corner, in 1900, came Joe Donegan, protégé of Ed Butler, the St. Louis saloonkeeper-politician. Ed had fallen heir to the old Century Hotel, had sent Joe there to see if it could be made into anything. Joe made it, for nearly two decades, the center of theatrical, sporting, political, and masculine social life, a Mecca for every male who had the good sense to break his trip at the edge of the Kansas desert.

Joe remodeled and swanked the place up in 1911, renaming it the Edward in honor of its owner. Thereafter the Edward Grill, in the basement, and the Edward Cabaret, upstairs, became world-renowned. On New Year's Eve the top hats shone in the swirling snowflakes as big Tom Mason, Joe's ex-cop bouncer, restrained the eager crowds that stretched down to Main.

The cabaret was a cozy place, gayer, in its baby-blue pastel, than the oak-lined grill. Three times nightly its walls shook to the blasts of singing the like of which has not been heard for ages. That was Emma Weston, Big Emma, the Female Barytone, flame-haired, whiskey-husky, and endowed with those subtle powers which make mild little men dream beyond their means. It was here in this tiny room that Ernie Burnett, Joe's pianist-maestro, working off a spirituous and romantic hangover late one bilious morning, picked out, with a listless right hand, the melody of "Melancholy Baby." Here, too, Ernie taught Edith Baker how to club the keys in the three-note variation that came to be known as the "Twelfth Street Blues"; and his pupil went on to become Edyth Baker of the Ziegfeld Follies, take her own show to London, teach the then Prince of Wales the Black Bottom, marry a title, and stay.

At the supper hour the dimly-lighted grill swarmed with the great and near-great: Fireman Jim Flynn, Frank Gotch, Ad Wolgast, Packy McFarland, Eva Tanguay, Ann Pennington, Eddie Foy, Sr., Bat Nelson, Jack Dempsey, and Jack Johnson, who, with his white wife, occupied Ed Butler's royal suite above Joe's Century Theater.

Everything came and went easily with Joe Donegan. Throughout his career he served free drinks to newsmen. No out-of-luck comedian, hoofer, horseplayer, or fight manager was known to be refused a loan. And the poor of the neighborhood got theirs, for Joe was a power in the First Ward, presiding over his little empire, meeting, greeting, dispensing political wisdom and food baskets, coal and cash, forever puffing away at one of the Century Maiden cigars that profitably stank up his burlesque house.

And then came the Eighteenth Amendment. Some of the important men of the town said the hell with it, but most of those who continued to drink the Edward's liquor began prudently to vote and talk dry. The paradox confused Joe, an essentially simple man. He took to betting heavily on the bangtails, lost consistently, gulped his first drink of hard stuff, lost more, drank more, finally gave up in 1923,

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and, before his death in 1930, was on the receiving end of more than one touch.

Prohibition ended Twelfth Street's Golden Age, but while it lasted there was much more to it than the northwest corner of Central. Steeply downhill past Wyandotte, past the spot where Billy Watson's Gaiety and its female Beef Trust ran in lively competition with the Century, past the six-and-a-half-million-dollar Municipal Auditorium, past the slightly stuffy Muehlbach Hotel, where the First Baptist Church stood until 1915, was the Baltimore Hotel.

It is not there any more; its north end is a parking lot, its south a row of one-story shops fronting on Twelfth. When it was opened in 1898 it was a showplace of red brick and white limestone, scarcely to be matched between coasts, one of the few Twelfth Street structures of that or any day that looked imposing from the outside.

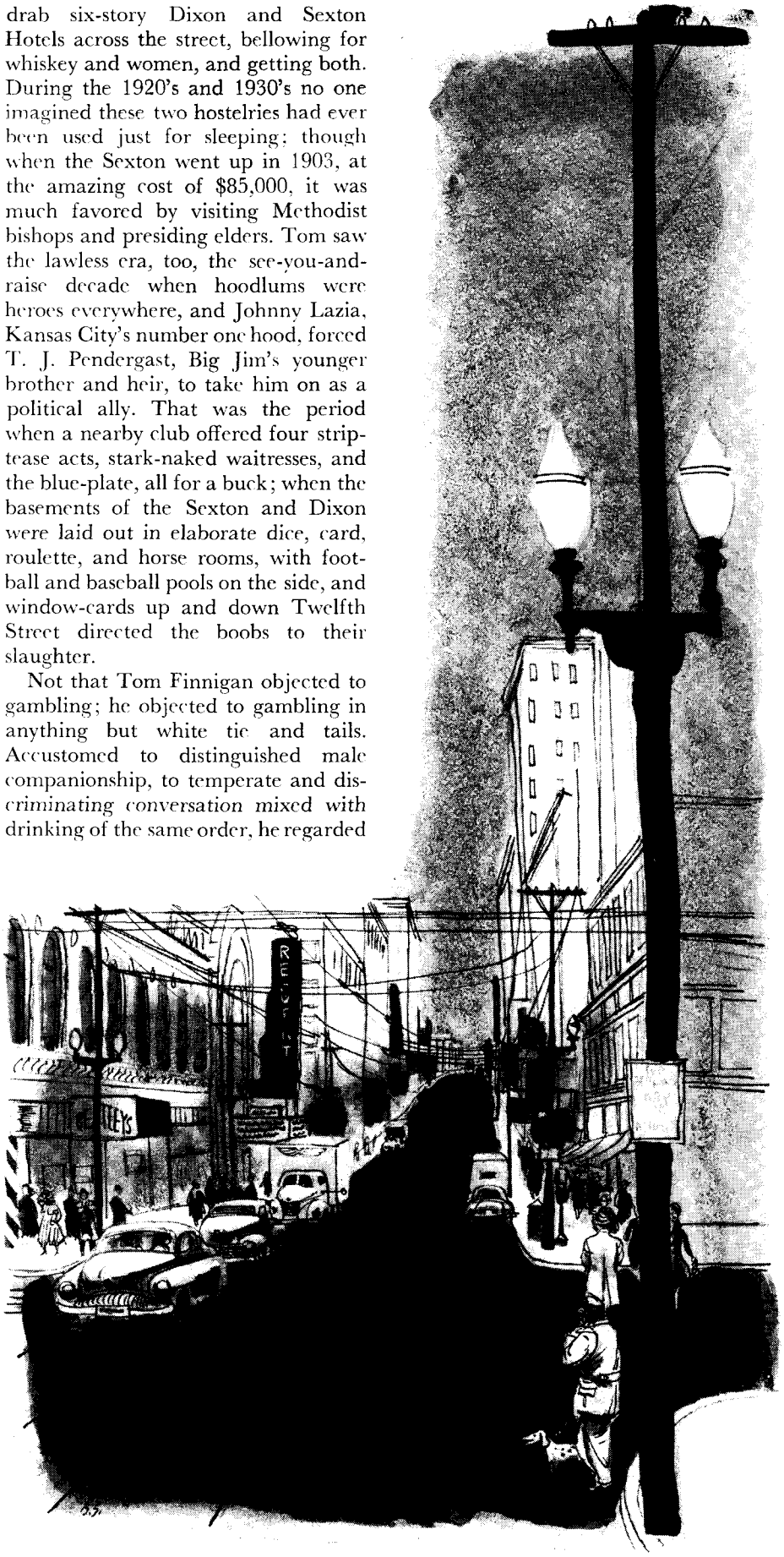
The Baltimore Grill was a breath-taking thing of shining mahogany and of low crystal chandeliers, whose light flattered the bare shoulders of feminine first-nighters, who arrived at the hotel from the old Willis Wood Theatre, an exact replica of the Paris Odéon, through a marvelous underground passage.

On première nights everybody came through the passage, presumably for food and refreshment, or just possibly to catch sight of Tom Finnigan, the Mayor of Twelfth Street.

Thomas J. Finnigan came to Twelfth Street before the turn of the century, and for thirty years he never left it. For more than half of those thirty years, he sold the Harvard Classics for the P. F. Collier & Son Distributing Company, serving on the side as the social confidant of actors, the sartorial adviser of sports figures, and the political Gallup-Roper of Jim and Tom Pendergast. For twenty years he lived in Room 503 of the Baltimore, and to this chamber came Otis Skinner, Bert Wheeler, and many another to pay respects. Everyone esteemed it a rare privilege to be invited, for Tom talked like Damon Runyon wrote.

But Prohibition and the First World War did something to Tom, as they did to so many up and down his street. He saw the doughboys converge on the drab six-story Dixon and Sexton Hotels across the street, bellowing for whiskey and women, and getting both. During the 1920's and 1930's no one imagined these two hostelries had ever been used just for sleeping; though when the Sexton went up in 1903, at the amazing cost of $85,000, it was much favored by visiting Methodist bishops and presiding elders. Tom saw the lawless era, too, the see-you-and-raise decade when hoodlums were heroes everywhere, and Johnny Lazia, Kansas City's number one hood, forced T. J. Pendergast, Big Jim's younger brother and heir, to take him on as a political ally. That was the period when a nearby club offered four strip-tease acts, stark-naked waitresses, and the blue-plate, all for a buck; when the basements of the Sexton and Dixon were laid out in elaborate dice, card, roulette, and horse rooms, with football and baseball pools on the side, and window-cards up and down Twelfth Street directed the boobs to their slaughter.

Not that Tom Finnigan objected to gambling; he objected to gambling in anything but white tie and tails. Accustomed to distinguished male companionship, to temperate and discriminating conversation mixed with drinking of the same order, he regarded



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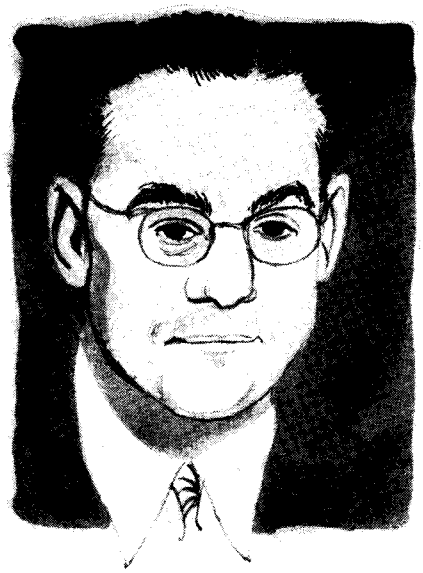

Charles Binaggio

the spectacle of painted schoolgirls being sick in the gutter as a profanation. He stayed on in Room 503 until they tore it down around him, stayed on in Twelfth Street until the reformers in 1938 shut everything up tight, the good with the bad; and then, in 1941, his old friend Leo Fitzpatrick came and took him away to die of a broken heart in Detroit.

Twelfth Street was always "uptown" to Jim Pendergast; and although he was well aware that the center of political gravity was slipping southward, he stuck to North Main and continued to minister to the North End have-nots about whom the Republicans made speeches but did nothing, having perhaps what Gladstone Harvey, the local Spinoza, called "a Presbyterian idea of heaven: everyone else in jail, and them holding the keys."

Sometimes at Jim Pendergast's quarters, as it was to be later at T. J.'s, three hundred little people would arrive in a day: an Italian mother wanting a light sentence for a boy caught in his first scrape, a newly-arrived Greek needing a job, someone reporting a hungry family of Mexicans down on the levee—all going to the kindly man with sprawling brown mustaches who mastered the brother's-keeper routine decades before Alcoholics Anonymous was even thought of.

William Rockhill Nelson railed publicly at Jim, just as his present-day successor at the patrician *Star,* Falstaffian Roy Roberts, was to rail at Brother Tom, and, ultimately, at Tom's boy Jim (until, just this past year, he had to backpedal furiously to save young Jim from an upstart challenger named Charlie Binaggio). But then as now, it was sometimes difficult to say where honest indignation left off and journalistic opportunism began: for the *Star* has always had to be the impeccable bible of Christian Kansas, and until the late 1920's it had to scrounge for circulation with whatever weapons came easiest to hand.

The *Star* knew lots of things about Big Jim and Tom it did not choose to ballyhoo: that it was Jim who in 1902 came out for the direct primary; that under his goading the city in 1908 set up the first Public Welfare Department in the United States; that the Municipal Auditorium and the magnificent new courthouse, city hall, and police buildings between Oak and Locust were Tom's handiwork, as surely as Union Station was, to borrow Nelson's phrase, "Jim's monument"; that without the Pendergasts' bought-with-kindness (and a sprinkling of two-dollar bills) votes, the *Star's* ceaseless campaign that has given Kansas City the finest park, boulevard, and residential layout in the country would still be blueprint talk; that without the Pendergasts' personal largesse, the Community Chest drives would have fallen many thousands further below their yearly goals.

But what about Lazia and his sort? What about the rows on rows of wide-open cat houses of the early 1930's on Thirteenth, Fourteenth, and Fifteenth, with naked women sitting in life-sized picture frames in the windows rapping at passersby, until every schoolboy knew what a "woodpecker" was?

As I keep walking, past Cherry, Holmes, Charlotte, Campbell, Harrison, Troost, I think the air might clear my brain. No, not this air. Not these cheap bazaars and pawnshops, these miserable fleabag hotels, these stinking saloons, jukebox after jukebox grinding out cowboy laments to drown the caterwauling of drunken trulls. The signs in the window dutifully warn all under twenty-one to stay out. But there is no youth here, only creeping death; the abandoned picnic grounds of two generations that feasted here and had their fill and went away to greener pastures, leaving their banana skins and wax-paper sandwich wrappings strewn all around.

On across Forest and Tracy. One thing has to be admitted about Kansas City's slum dwellers: They are not packed in tight, after the fashion of Harlem or West Philly; the push south left most of the little one-family houses intact, and time and stingy property owners have supplied a plentiful sprinkling of weed-choked vacant lots between.

Virginia, Lydia, the Paseo—these are the streets where the Negroes live: the girls and children shrieking with unknowing laughter; the men swaggering in and out of their tiny saloons and snooker parlors, rank with stale beer and rib drippings; the women darkly silent. It might be Beale Street, Memphis, or any other Southern Negro street; which seems strange, because this was the line between North and South, only more North than South, and these people are the direct descendants of Underground refugees once greeted with open arms and fervent oratory. There on the left are the new low-rent bungalows: shacks with a little white paint on them, and with the bathrooms wealthy taxpayers "just knew these people wouldn't know how to use properly." Ninety years of Republican oratory, and now these painted shanties, and still the Negroes vote Democratic. Why? Mostly because they could always see a Pendergast, see one and get help from him.

But why measure out this *via dolorosa* to its bitter end? It is much the same for all those five miles more, except that the Negroes end at Prospect,

'Young Jim' Pendergast

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where the Italians begin, trickling south from the river, always moving, always multiplying, until now, as in so many cities, their bright young Binaggios can challenge the traditional Irish grip.

Now, suddenly, I am back on Baltimore, in front of the hotel. I stand there a moment, not minding the sharp chill, wondering how it is that, starting out to write a nostalgic little piece about a street's past, I wind up worrying about its future.

The thing keeps turning in my mind and won't stop. When the "best" people decentralize a city by fanning out to the suburbs, they leave behind a sort of power vacuum. And if they're very lucky, a relatively decent boss like Big Jim Pendergast comes along to take care of the orphans the "best" people don't want to see or know about or have any trouble with; and sees to it that the Pharisees get their boulevards and sewers and fine public buildings, to boot. Only when the saloons go, there have to be new physical power-centers, and other professions at which the bosses can earn their livings; and if they choose something like sand, gravel, and cement, as Tom Pendergast did, that makes the business of new boulevards and sewers a little sticky.

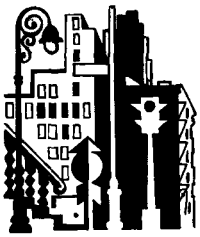
Maybe the new-style contractor-political boss, no longer tied downtown by a saloon, builds himself a palace out south and becomes one of the fashionable refugees, at least after dinner; and the vacuum starts all over again. And then if the son, who's never lived anywhere but out south, proves to be sensitive to the odors of the unwashed, you get a Charlie Binaggio. And if it happens to be the home county of the President of the United States and the Chairman of the Democratic National Committee, you get a grand jury to thumb Binaggio out of there—perhaps with an assist from the newspaper, which doesn't want power, only a compatible whipping-boy to scold when the world and national news is slack; all of which takes care of Binaggio, but does it dispose of the vacuum?

And then suddenly I realize that this isn't just a Kansas City problem. How about the Cincinnati Basin? Or Cleveland's East Ninth Street? How about any modern American city?

—Llewellyn White

Los Angeles . . .

The Old Plaza



To the vagrants and winos and worked-out men who sit or sprawl in the old Plaza of Los Angeles every dry day, echoes of the whoop-de-do from the surrounding City of Destiny come only occasionally. Within their range of vision, about all that may be seen are low, aging, malodorous buildings, mostly Main Street Gothic, on their way to becoming a skid row. The Plaza itself, the heart of the old pueblo, looks like any old-fashioned American town square: It is a small, pleasant, circular park, criss-crossed by walks, protected by ancient trees, presided over by an iron statue—of Don Felipe de Neve, who marched out from the nearby Mission San Gabriel in 1871 with a mixed band of forty-six settlers under military and clerical escort to found El Pueblo de Nuestra Señora la Reina de Los Angeles de Porciuncula. Although they lie only a block west of the Union Station, and about two blocks north of city hall, the streets bounding the Plaza, and the buildings that stand where the adobes stood, give the stranger a feeling of loss, as though they were victims of some Greater Los Angeles policy that had ruled out entangling alliances with the past. It is obviously unfitting for a stranger to step off the Super-Chief and enter the City of Destiny with a feeling of loss.

Newcomers are often prone to quick judgments, of course, and in their hurry to feel the fearful civic energy crackling beyond the Plaza in all directions, they may overlook the life still left in the core of the city. Part of the core, Los Angeles Street, on the east side of the Plaza, is just beginning a new life. It is feeling the jab of progress; its sagging buildings that house Chinese importers, grocers, and retail merchants, are to be torn down to make room for a crosstown freeway.

Plaza Street, on the south, no longer than a football field, is living a life free of some of the larger worries of the age. Most of its citizens were squeezed out long ago. The Pico House, Los Angeles's first grand hotel, stands solidly at its western end, while the historical societies battle for the landmark's right to stay there and the wine drinkers sleep against its walls and are sick in its doorways. At the eastern end of Plaza Street, a spry Cantonese herbalist, whose doorway also accommodates occasional supine bodies, dispenses ancient ingredients of well-being—Tiger Bone, for energy; Buck Chuck Pien (white peony root), for coughs; Six God Medicine, for sore throat; Unicorn Horn, for ladies after childbirth; Tiger Balm, for the itch; Horned Toad Juice, for rheumatism; Sea Lion Inside Gland Make You Strong Again Pills, for the inevitable ailment, waning virility.

On Main Street, which bounds the Plaza on the west, the Catholic Church of Our Lady of the Angels stands serene among the fifty-cent flophouses (rates have come up from a dime since 1939). The oldest of the hundreds of churches in Los Angeles, Our Lady of the Angels is the only building in the neighborhood that looks as though it had seen generations of siesta, fiesta, invasion, love-making, sorrow, bull-fighting, murder, degeneration, and redemption, and still felt thoroughly at home, under the banner of its seraphim. In its thick walls are some of the timbers placed there by Joe Chapman, pirate, of Massachusetts, who was

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shipwrecked and captured in 1818, and who then talked his way free of the gallows, then out of the *calabozo*, then into the Catholic Church and Spanish citizenship, then into the heart of Señorita Guadalupe Ortega, daughter of a wealthy ranchero, then into a large property and the honorific Don José, and finally into a position where he could help other passing Yankees acquire wives, situations, and honorifics. Scribbled on the yellowish plaster surrounding Chapman's timbers are later Yankee notes—"Kilroy Was Here" among them.

Although it was first on the scene, and has a firm hold on the city's Mexican population, the old Plaza church has had no monopoly on Plaza worship in this century. Years ago, bearded, white-robed, sandaled medicine-men of the spirit discovered the kick in the Southern California sun, and many of them, like Father John, the Archangel Sam Frisbee, John the Baptist, and "Rise Up" Mary, made the Plaza resound with religion on a leather-lunged, competitive, sidewalk basis. Sundays, particularly winter Sundays, were lively for the Plaza habitués then. Belligerent Messiahs they were, many of them end products of a long and vigorous line of religious dissenters who began with the Reformation, traveled the Atlantic and followed the frontier west until they arrived at the great bland barrier of the Pacific. Here their latter-day descendants, with nowhere else to go, quickly went to seed, fighting one another for the souls of the glazed Plaza habitués every weekend, calling hoarsely upon them to "swat sin," with which they were obviously loaded. The church, the habitués, and the police department listened to one and all with tolerance, even when they lapsed from religion into violently irrelevant political argument, for it was realized that the evangelists, like the circus, had to winter somewhere, and that spring would see them back in Detroit or some other place. About fifteen years ago, when they began to disappear, or to move uptown to Pershing Square or beyond, and were replaced by a few pale imitations, Sunday settled once more into a day of insupportable length. At the moment, there is not enough sidewalk sin-smashing in the Plaza to move a leaf on a tree.

A man who sits in the old Plaza for any time is liable to feel sudden, disturbing reverberations from the city of fearful growth. Some are occasioned by various civic paradoxes. Los Angeles should not be situated where it is at all. All of its vegetation has had to be imported. It has no natural harbor and no adequate local water supply. The river beside which it was founded usually produces a trickle on the surface (except when it flash-floods), and fifty-two million gallons a day underground. The city is jammed with more automobiles than any other place on earth, and has fewer pedestrians than most cities its size; a law against jaywalking in Beverly Hills is rigidly enforced. Four thousand newcomers settled in Los Angeles County last month, boosting the population to 4.3 million. It needs a new school almost every Monday morning. The air over it is usually heavy with smog, through which just enough milky sunlight filters to ripen the local "golf-ball orange."

The county it occupies, together with forty-four other incorporated communities, covers 4,071 square miles of coastal plain and desert hill country, mostly reclaimed from the scorpion. With more space, money, and opportunity, better weather and greater expectations than most parts of the world, it clings, nevertheless, to restrictive covenants. The three hundred thousand Mexican-Americans, to men-

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tion one minority group, are barred from many schools, cemeteries, and residential areas, and until a couple of years ago, they had not been represented by a city councilman of Mexican ancestry in 104 years.

Some of the loudest cries to reach the Plaza come from Los Angeles citizens who justly resent the fact that more people spend more time insulting their city than they do any other place in the nation. Others come from people with an opposite view, disgruntled strangers mostly, who have looked at a map of Los Angeles and promptly borrowed a line from Westbrook Pegler, who long ago pronounced it a "slobbering civic idiot." The map of Los Angeles has a distinctive Paisley quality, thanks to real-estate promoters who always bought five miles out, then cut the streets on curving instead of straight lines, thus squeezing a few more lots out of every subdivision.

Occasional tremors reach the Plaza from Hollywood, but these have little effect on the habitués, whose methods of summoning illusion are more dependable than M.G.M.'s. By far the most important vibration from the outside is the indefinable hum (audible, oftentimes, only to the sociologists's ear) from the electrodes of the great new national melting pot in action—the heartening sound of Los Angeles fusing New Jersey with Iowa with Oklahoma with Idaho, as New York once fused Ireland with Germany with Poland with Italy with Jerusalem. In the deep note of this great crucible, rather than in its production in oil, agriculture, aircraft, and movies, lies the power of the new city. It is what may eventually overwhelm the Plaza.

The habitués are aware of this rising power and, since they are not particularly interested in fusion, it has caused them to look with suspicion upon the street that bounds the Plaza on the north. This street is Sunset Boulevard, one of the longest, most traveled, best advertised city thoroughfares in the nation, a street that stretches over twenty-five miles from the Union Station west through Hollywood to the sea. It looks seedy and winding as it passes the Plaza, for it follows a lost cattle trail, but it also looks utilitarian and authentic there, because the Methodists' Spanish-American Center fronts upon it, and it is intersected by Olvera Street, a great road in colonial days, and now a carefully ornamented Mexican bazaar. The habitués know how Sunset Boulevard looks at its other end, and they regard it coldly. It is the only direct connection between the remains of the pueblo and the future biggest city in the world, between history and destiny—a fast highway for people with nothing but tomorrow on their minds. When it begins to swell and thunder with traffic, the habitués instinctively try to sit facing some other way.

Strangers usually travel it eagerly, on the other hand, because much of the story of Greater Los Angeles is to be read along its length. When the Plaza section was laid down, Carlos III of Spain owned it; the adobes of the leading families faced upon it; pigs, cows, horses, Indians, and padres trod it into deep dust, and beyond the pueblo walls, where it wound between the enormous ranchos, the Dons rode upon it in happy ignorance of the fact that it was magic ground. When the Yankees had either married or fought the Californians into submission, the street that was to be called Sunset began to grow: by the turn of the century, it had very nearly reached the ranch of Daeida Hartell Wilcox, whose property centered near what is now Sunset and Vine, and who bestowed upon the region the name *Hollywood*. By the time of the great oil strike farther south on Signal Hill, it had reached the sea.

The visitor who travels it now usually starts in mild dismay at the Plaza, and then drives on in growing depression through blocks of lowering business fronts and square, squat, wooden houses, all encumbered with front porches and all faintly reminiscent of coal towns in Kentucky. At Temple Street, in the enduring shade of Aimee Semple McPherson, he breaks into the clear: The neatly suburban Silverlake district is at his right, the city stretches away to the left, and dead ahead—Oz. Around Vermont Street, he passes the spot where the first movie studio, a barn, once stood, and then he comes to the ocher walls of Columbia Pictures

Corp. Now the architecture begins to act up, and Cadillacs are thick in the high-speed lanes. Without knowing it, he passes a block from the Johnston Office and right by Central Casting—the one a principal custodian of his morals, the other a dream in the back of his daughter's head. The sprawling pastel studios of C.B.S. and N.B.C. loom up, and then he is on "The Strip." This is county ground, for some mysterious reason a kind of everyman's trail winding between two towns, and is serviced by the county sheriff and by its own fire department. Beyond "the world's largest service station," beyond the famous night clubs, the movie names on agency buildings, mobster Mickey Cohen's haberdashery, past the Cock 'n Bull ("The Englishman's Tavern—his Food, his Drink"), following the gentle curve of the Santa Monica Mountains, he comes to the place where Sunset is split by a bridle path, on which a horseman has rarely been seen. This is where he sees his first private swimming pool; a mile farther on he will pass eleven in one block. Passing them without difficulty, he is in Beverly Hills, then Bel Air (*lebensraum* for the newer stars), Brentwood (more *lebensraum*), and Westwood Village, the home of the University of California at Los Angeles; and finally, after a series of easily negotiated twists and turnings, he is into the white and endless suburbs of Greater Los Angeles, stretching to meet Highway 101, El Camino Real, and the sea.

Here, facing the unfathomable, is the place the usual visitor pulls up to take stock. He has covered over a century and a half in about forty-five minutes, at an average speed of fifteen miles an hour, and he is searching for meanings. After a while, he will probably give it up and drive on in search of lunch. If he is really interested in meanings, however, he will make a U turn, and drive slowly and thoughtfully back to the old Plaza (which is soon to be incorporated into a vast civic center stretching from the Union Station to the city hall). There he will park his car, find a bench that faces west, in the same direction as the statue of Don Felipe, and settle down among the habitués to listen for the sounds of destiny. If he is patient, they will come, they will assuredly come.

—Richard A. Donovan

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To Man's Measure . . .

The Mountain Labored . . .

The scientists tell us that it is all nonsense about the Russians being able to blow up mountains with the atomic bomb. They have spoiled the story of the canal the Russians were digging to join the Arctic and the Caspian seas, deep enough for seagoing vessels, five hundred and eighty miles long, and twice as broad as the English Channel between Calais and Dover; and that of the power plant eight hundred times as powerful as the one at Hoover Dam; and that of the seventy-five million acres of reclaimed and irrigated land of which Russia was going to make a Deep South planted with cotton.

So there is no use looking at the atlas to find where the Turgai Mountains are cleaved asunder, no use printing a map to show the reversed waters of the Ob and Yenisei. The rivers still flow north to the Arctic; the mountains stand.

Presumably the scientists are right. Probably the account which appeared in a German newspaper licensed by the Russians in their zone is not an accurate account of what they are doing with atomic energy. The account may be propaganda; it may be wishful thinking; it might, however, be a real plan for the time when the Russians have acquired the technical means to carry it out, for a time as remote as you care to place it, for a time—if you like—after they have made many bombs and used them.

In all this there is only one verifiable fact: Undeniably, the Russians have talked about the use of fission to build rather than to destroy. They have sent round the world a picture of man—naturally of Soviet man—changing the course of rivers, removing mountains when they are in the way, sailing ships across a continent, creating vast new sources of energy, turning deserts into crop-producing land. It is a picture the world enjoys seeing—and when you like a picture it does not matter who painted it or why.

Our country is very much the way we want it to be. We have no inclination whatever to blow up Pike's Peak or Mt. Washington. Our trains go where we intend them to go; our passenger planes do not fall too often. Where we desire to improve on nature we are able to build a TVA without atomic energy. The main opposition comes not from nature, but from politics. This is a rich country, no longer desperately dependent on invention.

Meanwhile India and China starve.

Our atomic scientists are prudent; they do not want to mislead. They made the bomb and they are tired of it; they live in dread of being called back by the soldiers to make more and bigger bombs; their consciences trouble them; they wish they could work on something else. When you ask them about that something else, something that might feed people, or heat their houses, the scientists are obliged to say ten years, or twenty, or fifty—if there is no war. "Assuming no important wars . . ." J. M. Keynes once said, "the economic problem may be solved, or be at least in sight of solution, within a hundred years . . . the economic problem is not—if we look into the future—the permanent problem of the human race." Keynes was writing in 1930. Assuming no important wars!

No one blames the scientists for what they do in wartime. We know that pure science descends into the practical under circumstances that are not of the scientists' making. War, and the fear of war, mother many three-legged monsters of man's thought. And it is not that we are pressed by the alchemists' passion for quick results in peacetime research. We are not in love with magic. It is only that atomic energy is here, and we want the men who are handling it to give us something to which we can look forward. Death is not enough; even inflicting death on others is not enough. The fission of our own bodies and those of whatever enemies we have in mind will come in due course anyhow. Death is a story told and retold.

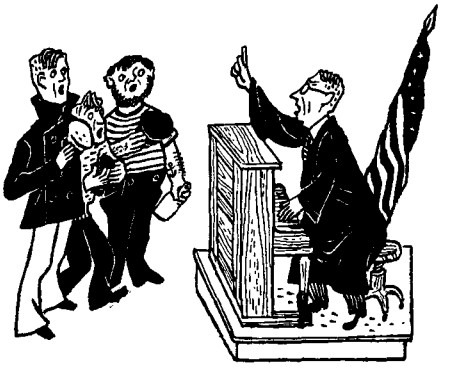
Our atomic scientists now must match and surpass the Russian plan. We ask for a five-year, a twenty-five-year, a fifty-year plan—it does not matter how Russian it sounds—to destroy disease and annihilate poverty, a plan for Chinas and Indias, city slums and abandoned villages. It will be a more extravagant plan than the Russian; if it is stated properly, it will be as fantastic as man's hope.

Wrong Music

It was in Italy before the war, when the trains were running on time. The hotel room in Venice did not look out on any canal, and you could not see St. Marks or anything else that would show you were in Venice. A street lamp at the corner half lighted the dark alley beneath the window, and it was there that the Blackshirts had the man cornered. They were slapping his face.

"That's no kind of a song to sing," they said. "Where do you think you are?" One Blackshirt would slap his face and he would turn away, but another would slap him and there was no way to turn. He was a young man; he did not say anything.

"That's no song for a patriot to



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sing," they said. "We'll teach you the notes and the words of a good song; we'll give you a singing lesson; if you learn a good song perhaps you will have a career; perhaps one day you will sing at the opera." They were hitting him now with their fists. When he fell down they kicked him. Then they lifted him up and set him on his knees. When he fell down they lifted him up again and set him on his knees. He knelt there with the Blackshirts standing around him. After a while he began to sing "Giovinezza" with its nonsense about the lovely Fascist spring.

Recently, in Portland, Maine, a mild, undramatic little incident occurred, which we link with this memory of Venice only because it, too, is concerned with song. Without the singing, it would have been no more than the usual story of sailors ashore. Three foreign seamen descended upon Portland and, after drinking, were inspired to sing a song in honor of Stalin. This created what the police call a "disturbance." The judge fined them ten dollars, gave them suspended sentences on thirty days in jail, and spoke as follows: "We do not tolerate anyone singing 'We love Joseph Stalin' or any other songs which are not patriotic, to us."

We do not proclaim the right of drunken sailors or of sober citizens to bawl subversive songs through the streets of Portland, Maine, or anywhere else. But the judge leaves some doubt whether he was fining the sailors for their drunkenness or their choice of hymns. If the punishment was for drunken disorder, ten dollars seems about right. If that love song about Stalin threatened Portland with a riot, then the sailors were inciting to revolutionary violence, and ten dollars is not enough.

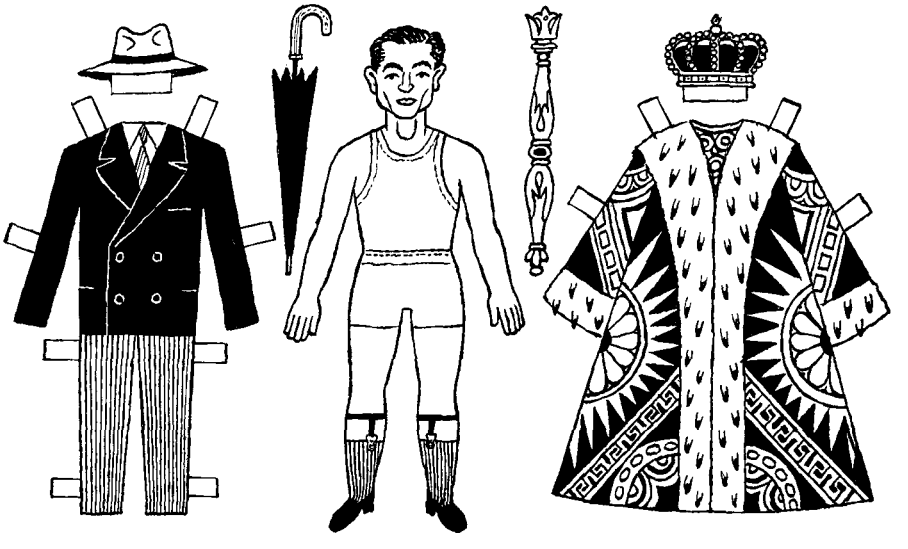
Football Game

Football finished for the season some time ago, except for the barelegged games that are played on New Year's Day amidst the roses in California, or the cottonfields of the South, but we are still recovering from the last day of the season, when, for no particular reason, we found ourselves following the Michigan-Ohio State game over the radio. Here, for a play or two, is the way things went: "Ortmann gives the ball to Koceski first period score Rice seven, T.C.U. nothing Koceski plunges through left guard. I see that Bill Norris is covering the game. Freddie Orr is covering the game. Ed Rice is covering the game. Bob Blake is covering the game. There is everybody you have ever seen at the game. Dufek is loose, no he isn't. Second period Yale sixteen, Harvard nothing. There are one hundred thousand people at this game. More than one hundred thousand paying fans. Koceski gives the ball to Ortmann. Second down, eighteen to go. Toledo triumphs forty-eight to fourteen. Koceski and Morrison have both made touchdowns. Third period Harvard seventy-five, Yale nothing. Officials' time out is called. California thirty-three, Stanford fourteen. We pause now for station identification. This is WCON. Ortmann gives the ball to Koceski. How would you like to be in California on New Year's Day? Final score, Princeton nineteen, Dartmouth thirteen. Koceski gives the ball back to Ortmann. Where is Morrison? I want to thank the Michigan spotter. He's been playing a fine game. There are ninety thousand people watching the game at Palo Alto. Morrison is back in the game. Here are some school results. St. Joseph's twenty-six, St. Michael's seven. St. Benedict's thirty-four. I see that Bob Norris is covering the game. Bill Orr is covering the game. That is to say for the newspapers. Freddie Rice is covering the game. Bob Blake is covering the game. Who isn't? Ortmann gives the ball to Koceski. Notre Dame twenty-eight, Iowa seven. Well, you have to hand it to the coaches. There are two coaches here. There are coaches all over the country, and Pullmans. There are one hundred thousand people here. More than one hundred thousand people. I'm here. Where are you? Are you there? That's what they say in England when they call up on the telephone. In France they say Allo, Allo. Hello, folks. The night is falling down. No, it's Ortmann. Correction on that Harvard-Yale score. Koceski. . ."

Royal Candidate

In his toast at the state dinner given the Shahinshah of Iran, President Truman remarked: "I have just been having a conversation with His Majesty in which he has been discussing a fair deal for Iran. It sounds like my St. Paul's speech."

This is the first intimation given a surprised world that the Shah will be running for re-election in 1952—or, as a matter of fact, that he was ever elected Shah or anything else, anywhere, at any time. Pshaw. —G. P.



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Germany

It Happened in Munich

Three Jews were shot by German police in a wild and bitter street battle in Munich one day last August. Ironically, the outbreak was touched off by a well-intentioned campaign against anti-Semitism. On August 1, the new U. S. High Commissioner, John J. McCloy, had made his first public statement in Germany, to a conference of Jewish leaders in Heidelberg. He declared: "One test which will be applied in judging the actions of the new German government will be the extent to which German leaders can create an atmosphere in which Jews and all minorities can feel secure in the exercise of their rights."

Among the few German papers that thought McCloy's statement worth discussing at length was the *Süddeutsche Zeitung* of Munich. It is generally recognized as one of the half-dozen better papers in the western zones. At an editorial board meeting that same day, the co-publisher and editor-in-chief, Werner Friedmann, who is half Jewish, proposed a leading article on McCloy's theme. A staff member named W. E. Süskind was asked to write it. A long signed article, entitled "The Jewish Question As Touchstone," appeared on the front page on August 2.

Süskind, a Protestant, was chosen because he had for some time been convinced that there was a conspiracy of silence regarding anti-Semitism in postwar Germany. The ending of his article shows its tone: "Without the Jews we have become poorer, and we will become still poorer if we are going to drive them away by not trying to keep them. Why not speak openly about it?"

This was strong and strange language for a German newspaper. Süskind received about thirty letters from readers about the article. A quarter of them were definitely anti-Semitic. He decided to use four letters for publication, two more or less neutral, one pro-, and one anti-. For the last, Süskind deliberately chose the worst of the lot. The first paragraph was the most vicious:

". . . Go to America; but they don't need you there, either; they have enough of these bloodsuckers. I am working for the Americans and some of them have already told me that they forgive us everything but one thing, and that is: that we haven't gassed all of the Jews; for now America has the luck to have them."

The letter was signed: "Adolf Bleibtreu, Munich 22, Palestrinastr. 33." Judging from handwriting and style, the writer appeared half-educated. The original address was "Palestinastr. 33." There is a Pales*trina*strasse in Munich, but no Pales*tina*strasse, and the proofreader added an "r", thinking that a mistake had been made. Also, Süskind published less than half the original letter, which was aimed as much at him as at Jews in general. Süskind had cut out the words, "You are a Jew, too! There's still time! Get out; it will be too late in twenty years." By deleting all the personal abuse, Süskind left himself open to the accusation, which was made later, that *he* had written the letter, because Adolf Bleibtreu (Adolf Remain True) was obviously a pseudonym.

Süskind is a thin little man in his late forties; he is almost bald, with a few wispy locks of hair. He is interested mostly in literary matters, and this was one of his rare excursions into politics. He has one black mark on his record: From 1943 to 1945, he was editor of the literary supplement of the *Krakauer Zeitung*, one of the German papers in occupied Poland. But, in 1947, at the Zürich meeting of the P.E.N. Club, when Thomas Mann said that he could personally vouch for a dozen people to form a new German section, Süskind, an old friend, was one.

When the *Süddeutsche Zeitung* was read on a street called the Möhlstrasse on the morning of August 9, a few words in the letter column seemed to leap out of the page—"that we haven't gassed all of the Jews." So did the signature: Adolf Bleibtreu.

The Möhlstrasse is the only real remaining ghetto in Germany. It is estimated that there are still about twenty-five thousand Jews in camps, most of them near Munich, and about another twenty thousand in communities, including seven thousand in Munich itself. The Möhlstrasse is a natural magnet for all of them, because the headquarters of most Jewish organizations and the only synagogue are located there. During the business boom that followed the currency reform last year, Jewish merchants put up about fifty small, wooden, box-like stores, selling everything from meat to candalabras, on both sides of the Möhlstrasse. From

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early morning to late at night, the street is packed with people, hawking, talking, changing money, grumbling, and dreaming of escape.

Such a concentration of Jews, all of them engaged in some form of *Handel* (trade), on one street, was obviously unhealthy. It is debatable how widespread anti-Semitism still is in Germany as a whole, but in Munich it had been flaring up openly, particularly around the Möhlstrasse. After the currency reform, German storekeepers were making scandalously high profits. Jewish storekeepers were content to make a much smaller profit on a larger volume of goods, and to work much longer hours. The Möhlstrasse has been given credit for forcing prices down in the whole city. German housewives asked other storekeepers: "If the Jews in the Möhlstrasse can do it, why can't you?"

So the Möhlstrasse became a byword. Unquestionably the black market operates in the Möhlstrasse, but it does everywhere else in Munich. The Jewish merchants obtain most of their goods from German dealers, who have much better contacts with German officials and manufacturers. The same American products can be seen all over Munich. If Germans did not buy in the Möhlstrasse, the ramshackle shopping center would never have come into being. The stores are located on property owned by non-Jewish Germans, and most of the contracts call for the German landowners to get back the use of the land and even to take over the stores in two years.

Yet the atmosphere is tense and morbid. The German housewife is willing to get a bargain in a Jewish store, but she feels no gratitude. The Jewish storekeeper is willing to take her money, but he feels no gratification. Into this maelstrom of a Möhlstrasse came the letter with the brutal reference to gas chambers.

One of the first Jews to raise the alarm was Samuel Weiss, a dark, intense man in his forties, who wears the button of the Revisionist Party in his lapel. "When I saw that letter that morning," Weiss said, "I told myself: 'If they have the right to print such a letter, we have the right to demonstrate.'" He ran around all morning—to the American Joint Distribution Committee to work up a protest, to Palestrinastrasse 33 to make sure that Adolf Bleibtreu was a fake name, to the Möhlstrasse to spread the word. With a few friends, he started preparing banners for a demonstration. It would have been against the principles of these men to ask the German police for permission, even if they could have gotten it.

By afternoon, the feeling of resentment in the Möhlstrasse was so high that seven Jewish officials put out a leaflet warning everyone not to be provoked into illegal actions, and calling a protest meeting the next day, August 10, at 10 a.m. in the playground of the synagogue school. Since the meeting was to be held on private property, it did not need a police permit.

About two thousand people attended the meeting. The speakers denounced the *Süddeutsche Zeitung*, and demanded action by the American authorities. It was all over at about 11:30, and the crowd was asked to go home quietly. People began to stream into the Möhlstrasse. As the street filled up, some men cried "We're going to the *Süddeutsche Zeitung!*" Three big placards were produced suddenly, and about three hundred people fell in behind the men carrying them. Two German policemen, stationed in the Möhlstrasse, came over to break up the unauthorized demonstration, which was headed clear across the city. They were brushed aside and went off to call for help.

As the crowd marched down the Möhlstrasse, a group of eight or ten mounted policemen suddenly appeared. By chance, Murray Rossant, an American directing a documentary film about a Jewish family en route from Germany to Israel, was on the spot. He said later:

"I heard loud cries from the Möhlstrasse and ran over. Mounted police were already charging into the crowd. The crowd retreated in a rush towards me, and I jumped on a fence to watch. The police were hitting out with their clubs, with really savage cruelty, at everyone indiscriminately. They would charge in short, fast attacks, regroup and charge again. I counted six charges. The marchers ducked into gates and open doorways, and fought back with bricks picked out of the gutter, and with sticks. Two horses slipped and went down. After about five minutes, the police decided they had enough and fell back. Some demonstrators had already slipped through, and the rest re-formed and went forward again."

From the Möhlstrasse, the marchers proceeded a short way to the Rondell,

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a large plaza leading up to a monument called the Friedensengel—The Angel of Peace. An American counter-intelligence headquarters faces on the Rondell, and across the street from the C.I.C. building is a park. As the demonstrators approached, a riot-squad car drove into the Rondell. Eleven German policemen jumped out and tried to form a human chain to block the street into the Rondell, but the crowd pushed through. Wild fighting broke out all over the Rondell. The police were armed but outnumbered. One Jew, Wolf Hampel, was shot in the back while trying to run away. Another, Leib Ryback, was shot, but did not realize it until he saw blood on his jacket. The third Jewish victim, Benjamin Haering, was quite seriously wounded.

"I tried to run into the garden of the C.I.C. house," Haering said. "A policeman hit me with his club. I caught his club but two others came up and attacked me. I fell on the sidewalk almost paralyzed. I got up and tried to get into the C.I.C. garden again. I had one foot inside when I was shot in the left hand. I turned my head to see where the shot came from, and got a second one in the left side. I fell down in the garden in front of the C.I.C. house. Blood was running out of me. Two of my friends came up and put me in a jeep which took me to the German hospital.

"In the German hospital, a doctor asked me how it happened. When I told him that I was shot by German police, he said: 'Why don't you go to Bogenhausen [a Jewish hospital]?' Then he went away and let me wait for three quarters of an hour, without even a bandage, while I was bleeding. A nurse gave me some gauze and I held my own wound. Finally my brother-in-law came and took me to Bogenhausen."

In the melee at the Rondell, some German policemen were badly beaten, and had the greatest difficulty escaping the crowd. The police had to withdraw from the Rondell to the park, where they were protected by trees. For another hour the struggle went on sporadically in the park. At the end the police reported twenty-seven casualties, four of them serious enough to be hospitalized, though none as badly hurt as the three wounded Jews.

Two enterprising Jews seized the riot-squad car, and drove it from the Rondell to the Möhlstrasse. There they took out the gasoline, poured it on the car, and started a fire. A big swastika was smeared on the burning car. After a while a German fire engine came around, but was prevented from interfering with the blaze. Then an American fire truck appeared, but by that time only cinders were left of the police vehicle.

Where were the Americans all this time? A number of American officials and officers had hurried to the Rondell without any clear idea of what they could do. The German police had clear jurisdiction over street demonstrations. When a rumor reached police headquarters that a thousand Jewish D.P.'s were marching on Munich from the neighboring camp at Feldafing to join the battle, the Munich Police President hastily telephoned the American Military Government for assistance. The story turned out to be false, but it served as a pretext for calling on the military police.

The Munich Provost Marshal, Lt. Col. Frank L. Barnett, and his superior, Col. Paul B. Singer, who happened to be visiting from Heidelberg, showed up at the Rondell at about 12:30, when the fighting was practically over. Along with the crowd, they went toward the Möhlstrasse, attracted by the burning police car. There Capt. Hersh Livazer, an Army chaplain assigned to work with D.P.'s, made an impassioned plea and almost succeeded in getting the crowd to disperse peacefully.

Just as the end seemed in sight, a

detachment of German policemen, some of them mounted, advanced grimly down the Möhlstrasse, with orders to clear the street and rescue the burning car, or what remained of it.

What had happened was that police reinforcements had finally been called out. Up till then, the police had employed a ridiculously inadequate force. By one o'clock, however, there were 140 policemen, twenty-nine of them mounted, at the Friedensengel, and three hundred others in reserve in the vicinity. The police were smarting from the punishment they had taken, the destruction of their riot car, and their loss of face. This time they were out to make good. The German police officer in charge, Dr. Weitmann, ordered thirty men, ten of whom were mounted, to start the action. When an American official cautioned him, he cut the force to fifteen foot and six mounted police. At the slightest show of resistance, he was ready to throw in his whole force.

As this police detachment approached, the crowd's mood changed again. No one budged. A real catastrophe appeared unavoidable. Sam Haber, the Munich head of the Joint Distribution Committee, cried out frantically to Col. Singer: "For God's sake, stop those Germans from coming any farther!"

Singer stepped out from the crowd and moved toward the police, who were only a few yards away. He sharply ordered them to turn back. The police wavered and halted. A few Jews quickly formed a human chain to hold back their own people. The police turned around and went back to the Friedensengel. A cheer went up. Singer asked the demonstrators to leave quickly. This time they obeyed. In a few minutes the Möhlstrasse was quiet.

When the police detachment returned to the Friedensengel, Dr. Weitmann, who had arrived at the Rondell in time to get a good pummeling, hesitated. His own men were on the point of rebellion. German civilians standing around got into the argument and shouted at them: "You cowards! Shame! Go back! Whose orders are you taking?" After being "advised" twice by an American Military Government official to withdraw his men, Weitmann announced in a bitter, beaten voice that "the action is finished." The police moved out sullenly at about 2 o'clock. Back in the Police Praesidium, Weitmann was the angriest man in Munich. The Americans wanted him to explain all the violence; his own police openly accused him of virtual betrayal.

To the Jews of Munich, almost without exception, the letter in the *Süddeutsche Zeitung* was a diabolical plot. They were convinced that the paper

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was criminally guilty of a deliberate attempt to revive the most savage aspect of Hitlerism.

Actually, the case was far more complicated and difficult. Süskind was perhaps guilty of a serious error in judgment, but he almost certainly meant well. He honestly, if naively, felt that the best way to deal with anti-Semitism was to drag it out into the open. He thought that the Adolf Bleibtreu letter would give complacent people a jolt. As he put it, he wanted to say to the German people: "You see, this is the sort of thing that still comes in the mails. It's time to stop pretending that it doesn't exist."

But the letter was published without sufficient explanation, and Süskind took too much for granted. His readers could not be expected to recall McCloy's speech and Süskind's own article the week before. To the Jews, only the phrase about the gas chambers mattered. A handful of extremists was enough to get the demonstration started; three hundred Jews took part in it, a small minority of those in the area, but enough for trouble. The police could contend they were enforcing a Military Government law against unauthorized demonstrations.

Unfortunately, so many of the German policemen were recruited from former military and even Nazi organizations that a pretext of that kind was all they needed to go into action. Jews actually swore that they recognized some policemen as their former guards in concentration camps as far away as East Prussia, and who could tell them that they were wrong?

When the average German is asked about anti-Semitism, he replies: "Why should there be anti-Semitism in Germany? There are so few Jews left." Presumably, we will have to wait until no Jews are left before there is no anti-Semitism. Unfortunately, there are quite a few Jews left in Munich, and their economic relationship with the rest of the community is not a healthy one. Süskind could never understand why his motives had been misconstrued. He was just as ingenuous as those who believed in a diabolical plot. The real lesson of what happened in Munich is the old, old one that, in a sick society, a small and even unintentional force can produce a terrible explosion. —THEODORE DRAPER

Western Europe

With or Without Britain

The one point on which Americans and Europeans are in complete agreement today is the necessity of rapidly attaining a certain measure of unification of the western European nations. From an economic, a political, or a military angle, the need seems equally compelling. But when we try to put theory into practice, many complicating factors enter in:

First of all, if we examine a cross-section of the various countries involved, we shall find that public opinion, is, in varying degree, ahead of Cabinets and of those parliamentary representatives who have held, or aspire to, Cabinet rank. The Cabinets are, in turn, far ahead of the permanent bureaucrats, whose influence is of course very strong.

Next, the process of economic unification is fraught with genuine difficulties, which Americans must not make the mistake of underestimating. They are quite right when they say that Europe cannot have prosperity without breaking down its present economic compartments; on this point most European economists agree with them. But it is also true that the economy of each country, and its whole productive machinery, have been built up on a compartmental basis. There seems to be little question that the economic consolidation of the area would greatly increase its productivity. But the first consequence would be an economic earthquake that no government feels strong enough to face. Progress in the direction of unity must be slow, and the pace obviously cannot be uniform in all of the countries.

Finally, Britain doesn't strongly favor European union. Churchill and his friends, who may or may not return to power, say they are for it. But meanwhile they have no influence at all over the policies of Bevin and Cripps.

The American agency that cares most about European unity is the ECA. It is debatable whether unity in the economic field is the easiest and quickest to obtain, but since the ECA has the job of dealing with economic affairs, it cannot help seeing things from an economic angle. With all the good intentions in the world, though, it is inevitable that the ECA, and the United States should make many errors.

One of these errors lies in the terms used to state the problem. ECA representatives, keep telling the recipient nations: If you don't give us something concrete in the way of unification, Congress won't vote another installment of the Marshall Plan. But ECA men often give the impression that they care more for appearances than for substance, and this of course tempts the European governments to try to pass off some window-dressing for the real thing.

Recently, under American pressure, the OEEC adopted a solemn resolution to the effect that a chief obstacle to European trade was the existence of import restrictions or quotas. Every country was asked to announce what measures it intended to take to cut these down. The various governments submitted impressive lists of the goods they had freed of all restrictions. On first glance it looked as if they had applied the hatchet freely, for they eliminated forty, fifty, and sixty per cent of their old quotas. Mr. Hoffman beamed approval, but did any American official look at the lists closely? If so, he would have seen that the goods released from quotas were raw materials that Europeans were only too eager to buy if they could find the dollars to pay for them, or products whose importa-

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tion would not create any competition with local manufacturers. Honest and sensible Europeans expected the Americans to pound the table and ask, "What are you up to, anyway?" But to the surprise of everyone, including the guilty European governments, the only reaction was: "Well done!"

The United States has made a more serious error by considering European unity from the beginning as an indivisible whole, by lumping all seventeen European nations together, and attaching no importance to any measure that did not include them all. Americans could not help knowing that Britain was more than cool about any binding measures for economic coordination with the continent, or at least unwilling to sacrifice its own major interests and achievements on the altar of European unity. No one can reproach the Labour Government for having failed to express itself openly and clearly. The Europeans who called the British intransigence to the Americans' notice were given a fairly naive reply: It is up to you to take collective action in the OEEC and force Britain to co-operate.

It may be that from the distant and lofty position of the United States the differences among Britain, France, and Italy appear to be of little moment, and pressure upon Britain seems an easy solution. But Britain, seen from the continent, continues to be a redoubtable power. The continental nations might bring some pressure to bear if the United States would undertake to defend them against British reprisals, but this the ECA has steadfastly refused even to take under consideration. Actually, even if the ECA did pledge this kind of support, it would not improve matters much. British "reprisals" would most likely be of a political or military, rather than an economic, nature, and therefore would affect fields that are not under the control of the ECA, but of other departments in Washington that pursue independent policies, not necessarily in line with the ECA's. So instead of taking up the cudgel for the continental powers, the United States might be likely to support a British move to bring them to heel.

Only the United States is in a position to force Britain into line, and this the United States is apparently unwilling to do. Of course it has its reasons. Americans know that the British Commonwealth is the firmest political unit in the western world after the United States. They know that Britain is having its troubles, and they do not wish to push it into making an economic adjustment that might increase them. Europeans can understand this point of view, but it is unfair for the United States to throw all the blame for lack of co-operation on them. Either the United States should admit that it is unwise to browbeat Britain into cooperation, and stop sermonizing on the subject entirely, or it should give up trying to obtain the same measure of co-operation from every country and encourage the various European nations to initiate limited and localized co-operation. The latter would be the wiser course.

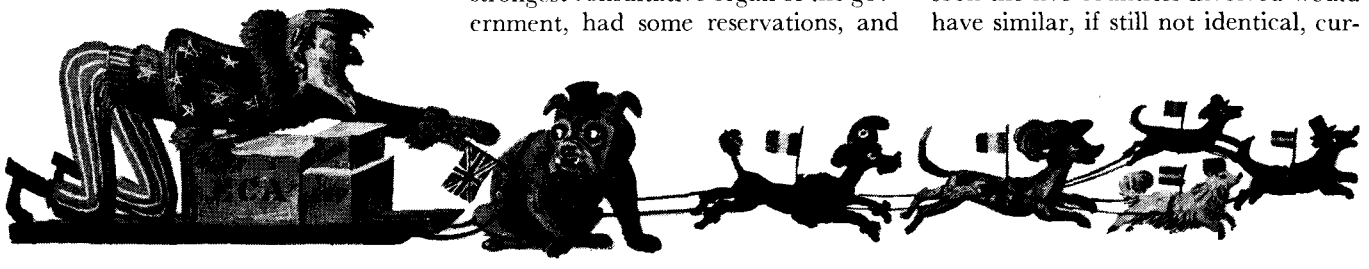
There are various sectors of the continent where efforts at economic cooperation, which could be helped by America, are in progress.

Let us look first at the Benelux countries. On the political level these three have given an example of smooth functioning; they have combined forces, and together constitute a real political power. On the economic plane they are only now approaching major achievements. They have set up unified customs duties with respect to foreign countries, but among themselves some tariff barriers still exist.

Another example is the Franco-Italian customs union. The two governments signed an agreement readily enough, but then their troubles began. The French economic council, the strongest consultative organ of the government, had some reservations, and the French parliament was so disturbed that it hasn't so far ratified the agreement. On the economic side the chief opposition has come from the textile industry; on the political side, although not too loudly, from the Socialist Party, which claims that Franco-Italian union is not enough, and only European union will do—the familiar tactic of begging off something unpleasant by proposing an unattainable alternative. Yet the Franco-Italian customs union is an eminently praiseworthy project. It has been applauded by the U. S. government and press, but it would be difficult to say what concrete action American authorities have taken to push it.

Finally, we have the recent French proposal to call a conference of France, Italy, and the Benelux group with an eye to eliminating exchange controls, with the objectives of putting money back into free circulation and enlarging import quotas. Because the French drew up the plan, there are points in it which favor them too exclusively, but generally speaking there is ample ground for agreement, especially on the monetary side.

There is no getting away from the fact that exchange controls are an even greater obstacle to inter-European trade than the quota system, which is in fact dependent upon them. Trade between France and Italy, Belgium and France, and Italy and Belgium is blocked again and again because the prospective buyers don't have enough French or Belgian francs or Italian lire. The artificial rigidity of the official rates (which do not correspond to the true values of the moneys involved) precipitate artificial exchange movements, so that each country is frequently unable to make all the purchases it wants to in the others. Furthermore, the inconvertibility of currencies prevents three-party transactions, which could make for a true economic balance. The free circulation of capital would unfreeze hoarded funds, and soon the five countries involved would have similar, if still not identical, cur-



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rencies, and they would have covered most of the way toward a single, unified currency. The European monetary problem would not be solved, but it would be near solution. And such a bold gesture would inspire other countries to strive to obtain the same results. If eventually a common continental currency were achieved, there might be a better chance of adjusting its rates with the pound sterling.

Is the United States in favor of such a plan or isn't it? The Treasury seems to look on it with a benevolent eye, but no one knows about the ECA, the State Department, the Monetary Fund, etc. It is extremely important to find out, because one thing is clear above all: Britain is against it, and its continental satellite, Holland, has refused to hear of it.

Yet some concrete accomplishment is more necessary than ever. There is no glossing over the fact that the devaluation of the pound was a blow to the continent, especially because of the way it was announced. In the field of economic co-operation it marks a backward step. This is a typical consequence of a state of affairs which has been repeatedly called to the attention of the American public: namely, how their best intentions have often turned out badly, perhaps for want of understanding of the complex interrelationship of European economies.

Even if in order to save Britain's face it is still denied, it is generally known that sterling devaluation was, up to a point, imposed by the United States. The purpose was to stabilize European currencies, but the result threatens to be an inflation which may be as hard to stop as the preceding one. This happened simply because the United States did not understand—although Britain made no bones about it—that the real trouble was not that the pound was pegged too high, but that it was not convertible. It was also apparent that political trouble was in store for the continental countries if their workers called for higher salaries than it was possible to give them, and thus started another inflationary spiral. It is deplorable, of course, that the governments of these countries are not strong enough to deal with such situations. The harm is done, and there is no use recriminating; it would be wiser to see how it can be repaired. First we have to acknowledge the fact that European co-operation is impossible unless Britain plays its part. The United States is apparently unwilling to push Britain along this road, so the next best plan is to bend every effort at obtaining the success of whatever minor moves are possible in the direction of unity. Among these the likeliest is certainly the French plan to reach a monetary agreement with Italy and the Benelux countries.

We have spoken of the necessity of bringing pressure to bear. A concrete example of *useful* pressure was the discreet but efficacious influence exercised by the ECA upon the French parliament to secure passage of the Queuille Government's financial plan, which, in spite of its defects, did successfully shore up the French economy for over a year. Without such American backing the Queuille plan would have had the same fate as Reynaud's.

There are many other ways of making American influence felt. The counterpart fund that individual countries make up in their own currency to correspond to ERP aid cannot be spent by them except by ECA authorization, and the ECA has a technical right to withhold payments until certain steps toward international co-operation have been taken. There is no need of mentioning the fact that the ECA can threaten any country with reduced aid for the coming year. Perhaps the United States does not wish to throw its weight around in this fashion. But there is, after all, always the possibility of offering rewards as well as punishments.

This year the ECA set aside 150 million dollars, largely to assist countries that were promoting freer trade in Europe. Why can't the ECA give attractive prizes to France and Italy if they really go ahead with their customs union, and to France, Italy, Belgium, and Luxemburg if they proceed with their monetary agreement? There have been some vague hints of this sort, but they have emanated from the Treasury rather than the ECA. And there is a strong suspicion that this special fund will eventually go to Britain. The British need is undoubtedly great, but under the circumstances this money will look like a reward for not cooperating. Next year it appears that allotments to individual countries will be reduced and the special fund will be considerably larger.

Americans must always remember that the attempts that are made to achieve co-operation among European economies are promoted by only a small group of forward-looking men. They do not always enjoy the support of their governments, and they often conflict with business interests whose resistance is very hard to overcome. European public opinion is in favor of co-operation, but it does not always have means of making its voice heard in government circles. The plan for monetary union (to give it a simplified name) is chiefly the work of Maurice Petsche, but many other Frenchmen oppose it. The Franco-Italian customs union was conceived by Count Carlo Sforza, but it has run into considerable Italian opposition. Clearly, pressures and rewards from the United States

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could back up the Europeans who are actually trying to do something.

The Marshall Plan is half completed. Because less money will be spent on it during its next two years, its usefulness as a political lever will soon decrease. When the ERP does come to an end in 1952, European co-operation may become a dead issue again if nothing very concrete has been accomplished. By 1952 the European countries will have a smaller dollar deficit, but that will still be their major problem, and they will again seek to solve it by means of nationalistic, closed-compartment economies. This, in turn, will mean a lowered standard of living for the masses, something that only totalitarian governments will successfully be able to impose. Totalitarianism of the left has not much chance in western Europe today, unless it is backed by a Russian invasion. Totalitarianism of the right appears far more likely. We must never forget that western Europe is moving toward the right.

All over Europe socialism is on the wane. The devaluation of the pound struck it a blow of which all the repercussions are not yet apparent. The man in the street reasons things out very simply, and sees devaluation as the failure of the British experiment. This is not altogether true, but the man in the street is no philosopher. Sterling devaluation has forced the French Socialists to ask for higher wages, and desirable as these may be, it is doubtful whether they can be granted without provoking inflation. Here the Socialists were in a tragic dilemma. If they had not asked for a wage rise, the Communists would have beaten them to it, and by doing so, the Socialists are taking a position that the extreme right can attack strongly.

The Bidault Cabinet, of which the French Socialists are still members, is the last chance for a center coalition in France. The Socialist ministers in the de Gasperi Government in Italy, not knowing exactly where they belong, have taken a holiday from their ministerial responsibilities.

If the Socialists are weakened all over Europe, it means the weakening of the entire Third Force. If this element of balance is lost there can only be an acceleration of the drift to the right. How far and how fast? Time is short, and the United States must act.

—FLAVIUS

Germany

The Island Builders

It had been a particularly grim and depressing day. An official had shown me file after file of evidence on the resurgence of German nationalism. Word had just reached me that an anti-Nazi teacher, who had lost two members of his immediate family in concentration camps, was beginning to find the hostility of his colleagues pretty close to unbearable. A leading German trade unionist, whom I had known as a tireless fighter against the rightists and the Communists, and who had suffered severe hardships under Hitler, had just told me that he was toying with the idea of going to America. "Just in case things go wrong again," he had said. "This time I would want to get out of Germany."

The week before had been grim, too. There had been talks with American liaison and security officers, and about town after town they had told depressing tales of Nazi mayors slipping into office here and reactionary minor officials sniping at democracy there. I had made an extended visit to the University of Marburg, tucked away in its tidy stronghold of chauvinism. A liberal professor had said: "The trouble with this town is that it has never been bombed." Another one had quipped bitterly: "We have the best university of the nineteenth century." And the local chief of police had sadly admitted that the Nazi hymn was again being heard at student meetings.

So I felt tired and fed up when I kept my dinner appointment with Monsieur R., an official of French Military Government, on the terrace of the Golf Hotel in Baden-Baden. Perhaps the change of mood was too sudden. At any rate, when Monsieur R. began enthusiastically to describe his pet reform schemes, I said rather sarcastically: "What good is all of this now? A tiny democratic scheme here, a handful of friends there, a dozen converts somewhere else . . . Don't you see that you aren't doing much more than building a few islands?"

"I've never thought of that term before," he answered, "but I like it. Yes, they're islands, and very uncertain ones at that. But if we can build a network of them, maybe they will start to link up. Anyway we haven't got the power and the means any more to do better than try our luck as island builders."

We talked until late that night in Baden-Baden. We compared notes on the "islands" we had already seen, and we planned to visit others. Although I still knew that the odds against the small, isolated zones of progress were heavy, I felt better, because even these possibly insignificant examples revived my hope that more and more people might see the positive side of democracy before it would again be too late.

In 1947 I had been taken to Germersheim in the French Zone. There, out of the ruins of a smashed *Panzer* garrison, the French had helped the Germans build a magnificent school on the order of a modern college. It deviated from German (and French) tradition in having dormitory rooms for all students, friendly social lounges, informal libraries, and very comfortable dining rooms. It was called the International Interpreters' School; however, the curriculum was not merely languages, but also the cultural, social, political, and economic backgrounds of the areas in which the languages were spoken. The young people who enrolled in the two-to-three-year course were not trained to

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be simply technical interpreters; they were to be equipped for careers that demanded an international understanding of government, business, and industry. Among the faculty members were Britons, Frenchmen, Scandinavians, Swiss, a Spaniard, and a Finn.

German officials were not very helpful at first. In fact, they opposed and obstructed the project at every turn. The new school seemed to them a dangerous inroad into their old, caste-ridden system of higher education. They saw in the scheme personal competition, as well as a disagreeable attempt at democratic education.

After my first visit there I told Mme. Irene Giron, deputy director of the French Zone education division, that the great obstacle to turning Germersheim into an outpost of democratic teaching seemed to be the rector of the school. He was stiff and formal, and seemed a stranger to the young people around him and to their ways. He was, I thought, a routine and traditional sample of German professorial mentality. It was doubtful whether he had any liking for the experiment he was to direct. His students apparently feared him more than they trusted him.

Mme. Giron agreed with my criticism; but she had enough confidence in the power of the experiment to let it go along, at least for a while, on its own momentum. She said something about the possibility that the rector might learn something himself.

When I revisited Germersheim this year, there was no doubt that this particular island was by now solidly founded. The rector was still there, and when I arrived he was having a talk with a German deputy Cabinet minister about the chances of employment for his first graduating class.

"Hidebound, that's what!" he was shouting, in total disregard of the deputy minister's raised eyebrows. "My students may be young, but they are better than all the stodgy, experienced old maids sitting around your offices. My students not only know something; they have young ideas and a new way of thinking. They are not afraid of changing useless traditions. . . ."

The rector was furious because some of his young graduates had been turned down for jobs on the ground that they were inexperienced or unconventionally trained, or did not have the proper social background.

Later in the afternoon there was a large tea party on the campus lawn. The deputy minister, Mme. Giron, the rector, a number of professors and instructors, and some students were there. It had all the earmarks of a rather deadly affair. But the cups had hardly been filled when two of the students began to crack jokes about the school, the teachers, and the rector. I looked expectantly toward the head of the table. The Rector of Germersheim responded with a broad smile and answered the jibes with some stilted but friendly badinage. He seemed to be enjoying both the sunshine and the informality. The re-education of a college president by his students seemed complete.

A few days later I toured the Black Forest. A French education official came along as a guide in order to show me his pet project: "The Meeting." (Actually it is known as *Treffen-Rencontre*, using a combination of German and French as verbal proof of a new unity.) Under this plan hundreds of German and French young people —university students, workers, and apprentices—spend three weeks together in homes and hostels. Each group works on some wide field of interest ranging from films and the theater to economics and geography; but the main idea is to induce them to forget about national differences. "Germans and Frenchmen knew each other only as enemies and occupation forces," said a young Frenchman. "Now we meet as friends. We are giving our German neighbors a window to look into our world, and we want them to come and visit us, too."

Later on this year that was exactly what happened. When the three weeks in Germany were up, French Military Government arranged for a special train to take all the *Treffen-Rencontre* groups to Besançon for a week.

At Freiburg, headquarters of "The Meeting," there had been some excited speculation the morning I arrived. The cold war had invaded even this peaceful island. A number of the young people who were due to arrive were Berliners—from both the western and Soviet zones. When the officials—both western and Russian—had heard about this, they had decided not to grant travel permits, because "the other side" was also participating.

When this news reached Freiburg, there was open disappointment. But the unexpected happened, and by evening all the Berliners—east and west—had arrived. Hitchhiking on anything from carts to planes, they had decided to join the island builders whether it was legal or not. One young woman had sold her gold bracelet in order to keep the date.

Back in Baden-Baden I looked into another island-building scheme. Last summer some 2,500 French students had come to live with German families in the French Zone; just as many German students had gone to France.

The French Foreign Office had its share in this project. It waived all passport requirements for the youngsters, and gave the education division of Military Government a completely free hand in cutting through red tape to facilitate the exchange. If things continue according to plan, about the same number of youngsters will cross the border next year.

One evening I dropped in on one of the top-level French Military Government officials, a career diplomat of general's rank. He was taking a few days off in a little bungalow on a mountaintop. When I arrived, the general and his wife introduced me to a young German guest, and I was surprised to find the French couple talk-

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ing to him almost the way parents talk to a son. There was a good deal of friendly, but frank, argument; politics was discussed with no holds barred; and the general referred with honest bluntness to some of the young man's less-desirable countrymen. Frequently —without being disrespectful — the German countered the arguments and defended his own leaders.

Later I found out that the young man was an ex-officer, and is now president of the student council at one of the leading French Zone universities. By winning his confidence the general has started a neat job of unofficial island-building or, perhaps, "infiltration," in the cause of re-education and democracy.

Probably the first and most farsighted "island" project, however, was begun long before the end of the war, even before the invasion of Normandy. If the authorities had taken it more seriously, or had given the original architect more active help, it might have turned out to be the actual continent-building re-education scheme that the Allies once dreamt of undertaking.

Early in 1943 a British educator, Sidney H. Wood, who was then Principal Assistant Secretary in the Board of Education, told the military that he wanted to start an organization which would be called German Educational Reconstruction (GER). He proposed to use German educators in exile, and to augment their number by smuggling others out of Germany and the occupied territories. In Britain they would be trained and organized to form an educational shock brigade that would be ready to rush into the German vacuum as soon as the Hitler régime had collapsed. The army authorities looked on the proposal as a crackpot scheme. They had a war to fight, and "re-education" sounded pretty nebulous. "Don't you realize," they asked Wood, "that your plan would be nothing but a drop in the ocean?" Wood's answer stopped them. "Can you show me a single ocean," he said, "which isn't made up of drops?" Wood was given the permission—but little more—to start his project.

The work of the handful of people who were finally trained by GER shines so brightly in the general blackness of the German democratization picture that it is almost impossible to overlook. At the University of Marburg I found a GER veteran, Professor Milch, fighting chauvinist reaction almost single-handedly. When I visited Hannover in the British Zone, proceedings had just been concluded against a teacher who had devoted his time to the teaching of Nazi and nationalistic propaganda in his class of ten-year-olds. The education official who had uncovered the offense, brought the offender to trial, and insisted on his dismissal, was one of the little group of GER stalwarts.

The most impressive example of island building has been set by Minna Specht. A well-known progressive educator of pre-Hitler days, she had evacuated her entire school—children, teachers, and all—first to Denmark in 1933, then to England in 1938. When she returned after the war, she was well into her sixties and not as robust as she had been, but American Military Government offered her a large boarding school at Odenwald to run as her own. Originally one of Germany's pioneer progressive institutions, Odenwald had been turned into what was practically a country club for the spoiled offspring of Nazi bigwigs.

At first Minna said "No." Odenwald is miles from nowhere, and there seemed more important jobs to be tackled in Germany—more important and less isolated. But the U.S. Army threatened to turn the place into an officers' club, and this brought Minna

around. She asked for a free hand in selecting teachers, and toured the country for weeks recruiting her staff with elaborate care. "After all that," she said to me, "I know that I can trust about four of the lot completely."

For three years Minna fought an uphill battle at the Odenwald School. She arranged for liberal scholarships in order to give the student body a classless, casteless composition. She dropped formalities and became "Minna" to youngsters and teachers alike, an unheard-of lack of discipline in a German school. She confounded the parents of one aristocratic youngster by telling them that a carpenter's career would probably turn out to be best suited to their son's inclinations and talents.

Last year the German education world, after some prodding by a few alert American officials, began to take notice of Minna. She was asked to select a group of five or six politically and professionally acceptable educators in Greater Hesse, and to form an advisory council to the Ministry of Education.

I saw Minna just before I left the American Zone this year. She was excited about a new scheme: The Ministry of Education wanted to send some of the state-employed public-school teachers to Odenwald on an exchange basis. Her island was at last on the educational map. "But many of these teachers will be undesirable, some of them out-and-out Nazis," I said, thinking of the precious achievements of four years. Minna laughed. She has sharp, unemotional features, but her young and mobile eyes are capable of unexpected, warm laughter, and her deep and resolute voice makes one forget that she is a small and almost frail woman. "Yes, they're Nazis," she said, "That's why I want them. I think I can take them on."

Minna is not an idealist of the starry-eyed, self-deceptive kind. Neither are any of the other island builders. They are realists—far more hardheaded than the little men with limited vision who mistake every smoking furnace for a torch of democratic recovery. They go on building islands not because they have wild illusions of success, but rather because they have long since despaired of a concerted, powerful effort at democratization by the occupation forces. Theirs is an effort at self-help, motivated to some extent by the realization that they have nothing to lose. They have as common ground their firm belief that there is some hope in re-education, and that without re-education there is no hope at all.

It was very late, and the waiter at the Golf Hotel wanted to clear the terrace. "Do you see now why I did not mind when you said that we were just a few idealistic, isolated islands?" said Monsieur R. as we finished our cognac. "All progress begins in islands. I know the tide against them is strong. The islands may be washed away again, perhaps. But is that an excuse not to build them?" —FRED M. HECHINGER

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France

The Biological Battle

The most important battle in France today is not political. It is biological. It is, in the most literal sense, a fight for life.

In recent years, French leaders have come to realize that if their country's rate of reproduction remained unchanged, it would cease to be a major nation in three or four generations. The population of Greater Paris, one scientist estimated, would be reduced from roughly five million in 1940 to one million a century later. The rest of the French population would decline more or less in the same proportion until, around the beginning of the next century, France would not be much more populous than Sweden.

When George Washington was sworn in as President of four million Americans, France had more people than any other nation in Europe, except Russia. There were some twenty-five million Frenchmen, and only half that many Germans or Italians. Soon after the middle of the nineteenth century, the French population approached forty million. Then, as Britain and Germany began doubling their populations, France's started to decline. Between 1861 and 1865, there were thirty-eight more births than deaths for every ten thousand Frenchmen. This fell to eleven in 1906-1910, to eight in 1931-1935, and to three in 1936-1937. Until 1946, deaths exceeded births.

Social scientists do not know the exact reasons why nations decline and die. They can only record that certain peoples, like the Babylonians and Assyrians, have dwindled and then disappeared entirely. Has this begun to happen to France, and if so are there any ascertainable reasons?

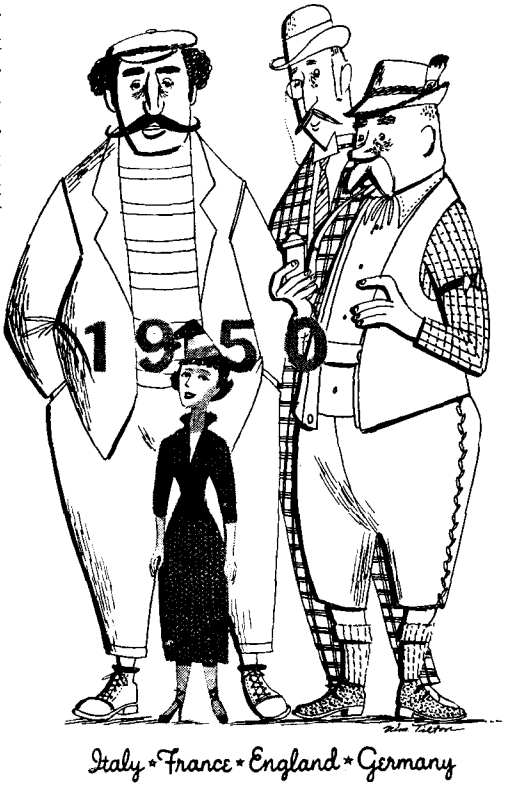
The French think that at least four main causes have been responsible for the decrease.

First, the economic factor: In nearly all countries, including the United States, the birth rate is higher in rural than in industrial areas. Up to the latter part of last century, the majority of Frenchmen lived on farms or in small communities. They had large families which replenished the cities. But gradually France has become a country of cities and towns. One hundred years ago three-quarters of the population was rural; fifty years ago, two-thirds; today more than fifty-three per cent live in urban areas.

Simultaneously the size of families decreased. French workers could not afford many children. As one scholar put it, their very lodgings were "hostile to the raising of families." The average worker had neither room nor money to bring up more than one or two children. Wealthier city dwellers did not raise large families primarily because they wanted to maintain high standards of living and luxury, and also because they came to know more about contraceptives and to care less about religion. This phenomenon is, of course, equally true of other western countries besides France.

Second, the social and hygienic factor: The growth of cities created many serious problems such as the increase in tuberculosis and venereal disease, which were either ignored or poorly solved. Slums spread, and perpetuated undernourishment and disease, much of it incurable, after a time. Orphans and illegitimate children were left to the caprice of private charity. In the nineteenth and early twentieth centuries thousands of children probably died of neglect in foundling homes. As recently as last summer, a Paris newpaper, *Combat,* said that a hundred thousand "disinherited young Frenchmen are abandoned" in public institutions.

Third, the alcoholic factor: On this subject there are few reliable statistics but many significant indications. In a recent poll, forty-seven per cent of



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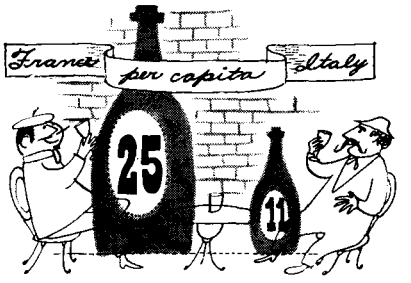
those interviewed said they were convinced that alcoholism was the main single factor responsible for the enfeeblement of France and, in the last analysis, for the loss of the war in 1940.

France's alcohol industry is big business and has been growing steadily. In 1900 around 550,000 persons were employed in viticulture and distilling; in 1937, 3,500,000. In the latter year they produced about two billion gallons of wine, cider, and alcohol. Much of it was exported, but a large part was consumed at home. France has an astonishingly large number of wine-and-liquor-dispensing establishments and they, too, have been increasing—from 464,419 in 1901 to 508,000 in 1936—roughly one bar or liquor shop for every seventy-eight persons.

Pioneer studies made by French scientists, particularly those connected with the *Institut National d'Etudes Démographiques* and the *Institut National d'Hygiène,* indicate that France's alcoholic (mostly wine but also brandies, apéritifs, and other liquors) consumption is greater than that of any other country in Europe and perhaps in the world. Tax figures show that in 1937 the consumption of all alcoholic beverages was approximately seventeen quarts per person per year, and these statistics did not take into account the drinking at home by the distillers and growers. Demographers believe that the prewar annual per-capita consumption was somewhere between twenty-one and twenty-eight quarts. Nowadays it is about twenty-five quarts per person, which is still higher than anywhere else. In Italy, the average annual per-capita prewar consumption of alcoholic beverages (mostly wine) was eleven quarts; in Belgium, nine; and in Germany close to five.

While the French drink mostly wine and brandy, the United States goes for coffee and milk more than anything else. In 1948 Americans drank eight billion gallons of coffee and seven billion gallons of milk. Beer ranked third, soft drinks fourth, and hard liquor fifth. The average consumption of coffee per person was fifty-five gallons; beer—which contains about half as much alcohol as the French table wines—about eighteen gallons; and hard liquor, around three quarts. Figuring beer in, Americans drank seventy-five quarts of alcoholic beverages.



Drinking is not as crudely evident in France as it is, say, in the United States. In France, drinking is slow, quiet, and habitual; it rarely results in open and objectionable drunkenness. "I have never yet seen a man drunk in France, even among the lowest of the people," Thomas Jefferson wrote from Paris in 1785. The same thing might be said today.

Steady drinking from morning until bedtime, by large numbers of Frenchmen, has seriously affected the health and vitality of the nation. Until lately, the French have not realized the gravity of their tippling. "The people of France," a leading member of the National Assembly happened to remark recently, "are not aware of how dangerously intemperate they are."

Unfortunately, vital statistics are not yet well advanced in France. There is, for example, no universal practice of having doctors examine the corpse to discover the exact cause of death; consequently, such precise information is hard to come by. In 1936, of 640,000 deaths, the causes of 130,000 were unspecified. Very often either the physician or the family gives the cause of death, mostly without benefit of an autopsy. In 1936 eleven thousand persons were *officially* listed as having died of cirrhosis of the liver, a disease ascribed until now to alcoholism; the real number was undoubtedly much higher. Physicians also suspect that excessive drinking has a good deal to do with the rise in tuberculosis and mental disturbances. On an average, one-third of all mental cases in France are believed to be alcoholic. It is significant that during the Second World War, when wine and liquor were scarce, the number of internments in mental hospitals fell by eighty-three per cent for alcoholic patients, and by thirty-seven per cent for psychotics in general. In the wine-growing regions of the *Midi,* the mortality rate is one-third higher than in the rest of France.

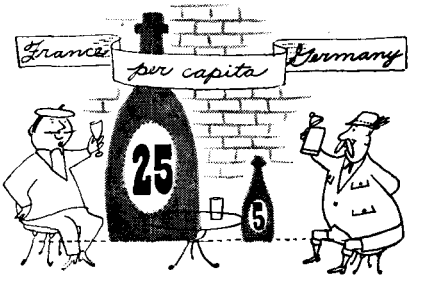
The average death rate for men between the ages of twenty and sixty is around thirty per cent greater in France than in Britain. Scientists account for the difference by blaming alcoholism; the French consume four to six times as much liquor as the British. "Alcoholism," according to *Population,* the semiofficial demographic journal, "is a national peril."

Fourth, the war factor: Between 1914 and 1918, 1,320,000 Frenchmen were killed, and more than 700,000 were crippled. Fifty-seven per cent of those killed were under thirty-one. This direct loss of around two million men, out of a total masculine population of some twenty million, was probably the greatest single catastrophe that has befallen the French people in recent centuries.

In the Second World War the Germans captured about 1,800,000—one-third of all Frenchmen between the ages of twenty and fifty—and kept most of them prisoner for five years. Also, 200,000 Frenchmen died in action; 120,000 civilians were killed; forty thousand were massacred by the Nazis; 240,000 more perished in Germany. That made a total of 600,000. An additional 410,000 were wounded. Altogether, the Second World War cost France over three per cent of its total population, mostly males.

As a result of the four fatal factors, the population would have dropped far below forty million if it had not been for immigration. In our century, France has taken in more immigrants than any other country in Europe. Between 1921 and 1931, an average of two hundred thousand foreigners came to France every year. More than three million (mostly Italians, Spaniards, Belgians, and Poles) were living in France when the last war broke out. This prewar immigration barely held the population at a fixed point.

The French did not become fully



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aware of their peril until the Second World War. The revelation of France's tragic weakness finally horrified people into action. Then began France's fight for life—a fight that will probably be waged for a long time.

In April, 1945, while the war was still being fought in Germany, France set up a General Secretariat of Family and Population, which was soon placed under the reorganized Ministry of Public Health and Population. The Ministry's next move was to create a National Institute of Demographic Studies, for strange as it may seem, France possessed no organized body of scientific data on the subject that was causing its creeping death. The institute is now carrying on basic research in the whole range of subjects connected with population — biological, medical, statistical, economic, social, and psychiatric.

Perhaps the most significant thing the French have done about the population problem in recent years was to recognize officially that the government is responsible for public health and social security. The preamble to the Constitution of 1946 practically declares France to be a welfare state:

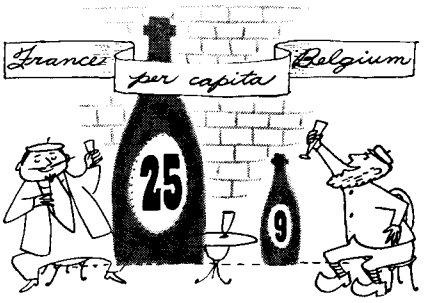
"The nation assures the individual and the family the conditions necessary for their development. It guarantees to all, particularly to the child, the mother, and the aged worker, the protection of health, material security, rest, and leisure."

These words are now being translated into practice.

Since the end of the war, the French have been conducting three broad campaigns to replenish their population. One policy is the encouragement of large families. Another is the fight against disease. A third is the systematic organization of immigration.

An impressive social-security system, including all types of social insurance and medical aid, and covering all persons, except employers, from the cradle to the grave, has been put into operation. Social security pays for everything from the infant's milk to the old person's coffin. Maternity benefits are particularly generous; they include complete medical expenses, free delivery and milk, over three months' pay (in the case of an employed woman), and a large premium for each child, amounting to two or three times a worker's monthly wage. Even after the accouchement and the premiums, the benefits continue. The more children a worker has, the higher his income. Moreover, France's working people no longer have any medical worries; *sécurité sociale* pays around eighty per cent of the cost of doctors, drugs, and hospitals. In brief, it now pays to have children in France.

The results have been encouraging. Infant mortality decreased by two-thirds in 1947 as against 1938. Tuberculosis also declined sharply, from 121



deaths per hundred thousand people in 1939 to eighty in 1947—a drop of approximately one-third. But the most striking gains have been registered in the birth rate.

The turning point came in 1946, when 835,000 babies were born. This was 335,000 more than the annual average of the last seventy-five years, or a gain of sixty-nine per cent. For the first time in its history France had a population amounting to nearly forty-two million.

In the meantime France continues to need adult workers; its population includes too many old and unproductive people who constitute a burden on the young.

In consequence, the French government undertook a policy of planned immigration. In November, 1945, a National Office of Immigration was set up in the Ministry of Labor and Social Security. It was to work in co-operation with the Ministry of Public Health and Population.

The immigration project, however, has not worked out in practice. For one thing, the experts have not been able to agree; for another, the whole thing got tangled up in politics and red tape.

Thinking of immediate economic requirements, the economic staff of the Monnet Plan hoped to get 650,000 immigrant workers by 1950. But the population specialists, considering the country's long-range biologic needs, thought that plans should be made for at least five million young immigrants. Both groups of experts, it turned out, have been wildly optimistic.

There existed four potential manpower sources—D.P. camps, North Africans, Germans, and Italians. For a number of reasons, including political ones, D.P.'s were not considered desirable. The North Africans, especially Algerians, were coming into France freely anyhow; but they were unskilled labor, and not easily assimilable. As for Germans, for obvious political reasons large-scale immigration could not be organized; but the French did try to encourage prisoners of war to remain in the country as civilian workers, and about 125,000 Germans did so.

Italy alone was thus left as a reservoir of human resources. In March, 1947, after long and somewhat strained negotiations, the French and Italian governments made an agreement for two hundred thousand Italians to enter France that year. The Italians were to enjoy the same rights, wages, and protections as French workers. They could join whatever trade unions they liked. They were permitted to send forty per cent of their earnings to their families in Italy. When their one-year contracts expired they had the privilege of renewing them, and ultimately of becoming French citizens.

Unfortunately this policy has been wrecked by administrative inefficiency and international misunderstanding. French officials treated the immigrants at best as conscripts and at worst as prisoners. Italians who signed up were never told where they were going or what was expected of them. Many found the damp climate unbearable; others disliked the food. Most were poorly housed. Word about these difficulties quickly spread in Italy, with the result that only about eighty-five thousand entered France. A good many of those have returned home. Thus Italian immigration, so vital for France's survival, has practically dried up.

France's fight for life has, so far, met only with partial success. But the important thing is that the French now know what ails them, and they are trying hard for a cure.

—Saul Padover

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Latin America

Another Satellite for Franco?

The eruption in Panama, like the shattering of democracy in Colombia, is of double concern to the United States. Any political upheaval in the Caribbean area affects the security of America's prime strategic waterway, the Panama Canal. Anything that causes a democracy to lose face is a catastrophe in a hemisphere where face is prized and where the number of democracies is decreasing.

The events in Panama had such a comic-opera quality that the resulting compromise of democratic dignity was almost as dangerous as the resurgence of the former President, the Harvard-trained surgeon-politician Arnulfo Arias, forty-nine years old, a dashing, Naziphile, anti-American troublemaker. The manner of his return gravely injured the prestige of the Supreme Court of Panama, which was flouted by the Chief of Police and made ridiculous by its indecision on the question of the Presidency.

The United States can do little to promote a friendly democratic régime in Panama except watch hopefully on the sidelines. The physical fact of the bisection of the Republic by the canal, and the presence of 4,800 efficient but rather sahib-minded American employees, make Panamanians acutely sensitive to the slightest suggestion of American pressure. When this is detected or suspected, their protests are vociferous, and are amplified throughout Latin America by interested xenophobes, anti-Americans, Communists, and students. Therefore, when its Canal Zone nerve is touched, the United States winces but rarely does more. On this occasion, the State Department, perhaps inadvisedly, did do more.

The resurgence of Dr. Arias touched the nerve. During the war, he had backed the Axis to win. He had limited liberty and censored the press; later, in strange but effective combination with the Communists, he engineered the defeat of the treaty to give the United States air-defense bases in Panama. These memories make the fact that he owes his return to the Presidency to military force even less palatable. For in Panama, which has no regular military force, the national police are the equivalent of the army.

Nor does it cheer anyone here that Dr. Arias can say with some point that force was necessary to get an "honest" election count. In 1941, his enemies had seized power and declared him an exile while he was off on a business trip in Cuba. The elections of May, 1948—the first free poll since that coup—appeared to give Dr. Arias a majority of 2,500, despite the handicaps attending the opposition candidates. But then the government set up an electoral jury, which disqualified 2,714 ballots cast for Arias in Veraguas Province. By this means the Liberal candidate, Domingo Díaz Arosemena, was installed in the Presidency. When he died last July, he was legally succeeded by his first Vice-President, Dr. Chanis, who, for clarity, may be called President No. 1 in the week of change that began Sunday, November 20, when Chief of Police José Antonio ("Chichi") Remón demanded that Chanis resign in favor of the second Vice-President, Señor Chiari, President No. 2, who lasted until the National Assembly ultimately chose Dr. Arias.

When that happened, Remón reassembled as many members as could be found on short notice of the electoral jury which had disqualified Dr. Arias in 1948, and set them to work on a second recount of the Veraguas vote, under the general admonition to make it tally with the new trend. The jury obediently found that Dr. Arias had won in 1948 by a majority of 2,544 votes, and should legally have been President all the time.

Colonel Remón is worth a second glance. Newspaper stories call him the "strong man" of Panama. This is true only in so far as he commands the only disciplined armed force in the Republic. He is a good drill sergeant, but he is far from acute politically. He is a sick man, and the most probable explanation of his conduct in the affair is his desire to see that nothing happens to the estate he has built up for his family.

Remón used to be a familiar figure to tourists around El Rancho Bar in Panama City. For the past several months he hasn't gone there as often. He usually wore a white shirt, open at the throat, and brown trousers of generous cut in the hips to accommodate a revolver which he kept wrapped up in a silk handkerchief to guard against corrosion from sweat.

Remón's brother has for some time had the banana-shipping business on the Pacific coast sewed up, which means that the small growers deal with him or their bananas rot on the wharves. Remón was also a considerable beneficiary when the cattle-slaughtering monopoly was allocated to a newly formed company which edged out many of the established cattlemen. The Supreme Court ruled this decree unconstitutional. The Chief of Police defied the ruling, and used his forces to maintain the monopoly. The police have also had a similar hold on the country's bus routes.

The monopoly scandals became so well known that the public turned sharply against Remón, and it is doubtful whether he could have maintained his power once the Presidency slipped out of the hands of Señor Chiari, Pres-

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ident No. 2, who is Remón's first cousin. Even Chiari is said to have promised to get rid of him, cousin or no cousin.

It was this threat to Remón's extracurricular sources of income that led to his revolt against the reform President, Chanis. He may have expected family ties to hold President No. 2, but here also he grossly underestimated the strength of public reaction to the monopoly scandals. When Chiari was disavowed by the Supreme Court, Remón was thrown into the hands of Dr. Arias, although the one thing considered definite in the otherwise fluid situation was the bitter hostility between the two men.

There seems little doubt that, despite Remón's undisputed authority over the police, if either President Chanis, the National Assembly, or the Supreme Court had acted with reasonable coolness, the coup would have failed.

The Supreme Court was particularly feeble. It has constitutional authority to inaugurate a new President if the Assembly is not sitting. At the behest of Remón it decided that since the Assembly (although it was in session) was not actually *sitting* on Sunday, November 20, when Dr. Chanis resigned, the court consequently had the authority to swear in Chiari. But two days later Dr. Chanis retracted his resignation on the ground that it had been made under duress. Influenced, perhaps, by an angry march on the palace by Chanis supporters, the Supreme Court promptly reversed its earlier decision to recognize Chiari.

Acme

Colonel José Antonio Remón

At this juncture, many legislators felt that the way out of the confusion was for the Assembly to assume that there were no legal successors to the Presidency, and that it should exercise its own constitutional authority to choose a President from among its members. Dr. Arias was unquestionably the most likely candidate. Thereupon, Remón decided to make terms with his enemy.

In Washington the State Department got the news, and promptly proceeded to bumble. Its first reaction was that there was no change in the position of Ambassador Monnett B. Davis, and no question of recognition or nonrecognition, because while Dr. Chanis had quit under duress, the inauguration of President Chiari by the Supreme Court was held constitutional. The department was still happy when the Supreme Court reversed itself.

But when the National Assembly decided to swear in Dr. Arias, a State Department spokesman said that we no longer had diplomatic relations with Panama, and that our reaction to the "disregard of duly constituted authorities [was] one of profound shock."

The State Department's attitude was far from tactful. If Dr. Arias consolidates his position in Panama, he can hardly be expected to be appreciative, and might take the view that the State Department is willing to condone force, provided it is in the liberal interest.

Whoever rules Panama in these times must reckon with the economic difficulties caused by the withdrawal of United States forces from wartime bases, a business recession, and the more basic evils of primitive farming methods, land exhaustion, lack of foreign capital, and the dedication of local capital to the returns of luxury housing, political corruption, and monopoly.

Panama is no exception to a dismal Latin American picture: A handful of wealthy families make up the ruling clique. They have fine clothes, jewelry, European educations, expensive American cars, magnificent houses. At the other end of the scale the peasant and urban slum dweller live just this side of starvation.

While he was President in 1940-1941, Dr. Arias made a strong bid for

Wide World

Dr. Arnulfo Arias

popular support with an advanced program of social legislation, but he also bettered his standing with many segments of the electorate by indulging in the ever-popular sport of baiting the United States. Critics were silenced by censorship or expulsion. When it came to needling Washington, the Students' Federation proved to be full of apt pupils. Chauvinism, hypersensitivity, and anti-U. S. emotionalism are in perennial surplus at the University of Panama.

These tendencies fit in perfectly with the aims of the Communists, which are, as usual, to keep things stirred up as long and dangerously as possible, and to discredit the democracies by any and all means.

Thus, despite the fact that they are at opposite poles politically, Communists, students, and Arias's "Authentic Revolutionary Party" have found—and will go on finding—common ground.

So far as is known, Dr. Arias has no specific ties with Latin American dictators, though a long residence in exile in Argentina suggests that he is persona grata to Perón. And with the recent totalitarian coup in Colombia, the quartet of Arias, Somosa, Trujillo, and Gómez in the strategic area of the Panama Canal, backed by Perón and Franco in the distance, is nothing for the United States, or any of the democracies, to feel happy about.

—James M. Minifie

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Middle West

Taft—the Sedate Sawdust Trail

The plane comes down bumpily on the narrow strip of asphalt atop the spongy marsh left by the Great Glacial Lake. This is Findlay, seat of Hancock County in northwestern Ohio, an hour's drive from either the Michigan or the Indiana line. Senator Robert A. Taft clambers down the retractible aluminum steps, with the hunch that gives an illusion of shortness of stature to a big frame. A chill wind blowing down from Lake Erie ruffles his thinning top-hair. He hastily claps on a worn gray felt, closes his eyes as if counting ten, and ambles forward, smiling, to greet the local Republican dignitaries who have emerged from their cars.

First stop is Ada, almost due south in Hardin County. And after Ada, Kenton. Seven weeks to go. A hundred and seventy-five five-a-day shows to put on. Thirty thousand more moist palms to grasp with candidatorial ardor. It would have been heavenly to stay awhile on Indian Hill, after nine brutal months in the sticky Washington heat. Just sleeping. Why couldn't a Senator stand on his record, instead of zigzagging across eighty-eight counties in quest of votes? No, that had been the way of it in 1944, but now hadn't labor made a symbol of the Taft-Hartley Act's principal author? Symbols could not run away—not if they believed in what they symbolized.

Iron deer stare majestically from behind wrought-iron fences, cold mementos of the time when Kenton (population: 8,000) had been the undisputed ornamental-grillwork capital of America. The service clubs have a luncheon arranged, and after that there will be handshaking and question-answering at the courthouse. The voters surge forward in little eddies. Taft smiles and nods, recalling a face here and there, trying desperately to fit names to faces. "What about this steel strike?" someone asks. "You might just as well realize that you're going to pay for the pensions out of new taxes," the Senator warns them. Solemn nodding. Farmers have to lay away their own pensions: The daily battle for security begins at milking time and lasts till long after sundown.

The train of cars heads back toward Findlay, the day's starting point. "Might be some fun here," a newspaperman reflects. Findlay is an industrial town of twenty thousand with a farmers' shopping center. The still-standing relics of the Victorian era include some of the fanciest white-gingerbread cupolas, turrets, scallops, and cupid-scrolls east of Battle Ground, Indiana. But beyond these ornate façades, a ways down in the town, one can find plenty of dues-paying CIO members any evening under the garish red neon signs.

This particular evening, they are ready to picket the Hancock Farmers Club Forum at the high school (which follows a Findlay College dinner and the inevitable reception at the courthouse). The picketing doesn't jell, somehow. One young fellow, a foundry puddler, tears up two neatly-lettered signs reading "Beat Taft in 1950." Why? "Hell, take a look at that crowd! You think we're going to make fools of ourselves?"

The schedule for next day calls for a hop clear across the state to eastern Columbiana County, and six appearances in as many places. "How does he do it?" a groggy correspondent wants to know. "Why does he do it?" someone corrects.

It begins in Legion Hall, East Palestine, a pottery town of five thousand, sheltered by high, rolling hills. It is proper, Taft says, that the Federal government should furnish aid to state hospitals that need it. Federal aid to education is also proper, within limits. But, he adds, "there seems to be a move in this country to try to set up a socialist system of government. The average weekly wage of our workers is more than double that in countries where socialism is being tried."

Next, East Liverpool, a really sizable pottery center perched on an elbow of the Ohio. Brick kilns shoot up along the tortuous streets like anthills. Down by the river there is a brown pall that reminds one of any Lancashire factory town. The forebears of many of these twenty-five thousand thrifty folk came from Ireland, Wales, Scotland, England, Germany. They have a long tradition of what might be called "gradualist socialism."

"Why doesn't the government do something?" someone asks.

"Frankly," the Senator says drily, "I do not know what is in Mr. Truman's mind. It appears he doesn't want to use the Taft-Hartley Act, that he wants to keep the thing political." Taft knows he's landed a hard punch, but he also knows it was below the belt. To be fair to the President, he must remind these potters of the "health and safety" clause in Taft-Hartley, must tell them frankly that while the coal strike probably was approaching that unspecified waterline, the steel strike in his opinion was not.

The crowd shuffles restlessly. One cannot help feeling that Taft has fallen between stools. He is never less convincing than when he takes these rare, timid flyers at demagogy.

That night in Salem, though, the old confidence is back. The old confidence, and the familiar ledger-book figures. Truman is taking the first steps along the road that has led Britain to ruin. Certainly there had to be floors

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under farm prices; but the ill-considered Brannan Plan would cost six billion dollars a year. Certainly there had to be free medical aid for all who needed it and couldn't pay for it; but blanket coverage of the nation would cost five and a half billion dollars a year. Taft reels off the figures with a sort of glum relish.

Then on to Canton, the first metropolis of the week, the city of a hundred thousand that gave William McKinley to the nation. Here the blue-ceilinged front porches (exactly like the one from which Marcus Hanna's champion campaigned), behind deep-set lawns and sleepy elms, belie the mood in this Republic Steel stronghold. The mood is ugly; but Taft is not the butt. The womenfolk are grim. They miss the paychecks lost in the welfare strike.

Into such an opening, the visibly tiring defender pokes a light left jab. "The one great issue in the world today," he informs fifteen hundred people in McKinley High School's auditorium, "is: Will we maintain free government, based on rule of justice?"

Why this series of clichés, these penny catch-phrases? Taft has stated his credo much better at other times and in other places. "Economic freedom is only one feature of that overall liberty which permits people to live as they wish to live. But it is an essential feature. If we lose it we are likely to lose the other." Does that mean no regulation of free enterprise? Of course not; there will be "more and more government regulation as life becomes more complex." Of what sort? Of all business, for one thing. "Since free enterprise itself results from liberty and demands liberty, government must protect that liberty and prevent any one business from suppressing the liberty of others." Also, regulation was needed "to protect other businesses and individuals from fraud and misrepresentation"; to direct an orderly traffic in aviation, radio, and television, transportation, and interstate commerce; and not least, to ensure equality of opportunity.

What did that mouth-filling phrase really mean? It meant a fair shake for employee and employer alike. It meant "putting a floor under the necessities of life (food, education, medical care, housing)," or else "equality of opportunity would have no meaning for children." Finally, there would have to be controls of credit, perhaps even consumer credit; and some support for farm prices. But . . . let the drafters of enabling legislation say what they mean and mean what they say; and let someone, some unpopular fellow on a high stool behind a green eyeshade, reckon the ultimate cost.

There was a touchstone to which the lawmakers (and the courts as well) could always turn. "Regulation and taxation must never be so great as practically to destroy the incentive to expand. It is not sufficient that industry remain as it is. It must constantly increase and create more jobs for a larger population. It must constantly invest more money in plants and tools to increase the productivity of men. It must go forward or it will go back . . . and then government will take up the slack by moving deeper into the enterprise field."

At some point in his disconnected hundred-day "Report to the People" of every one of the eighty-eight counties of Ohio, the Senator was to say all this, most of it many times. But all of it was not said in any chronological way in any one place. And the not unfriendly Ohio press has been covering the tour in such hit-or-miss fashion that one wonders how those who hear Taft can piece the bits together to make an ideological quilt to cover the man.

The morning Taft hits Toledo (six days, thirty-four talks, and three thousand handshakes after Canton) the *Blade* has a lesson in semantics on its editorial page: "The danger, of course, is in the perversion and abuse of the welfare principle. Its application has been broadened in recent years and threatens to engulf the national economy as all the various groups which are its beneficiaries ask for more and more . . . not because they need it, but because it is available. That is what many people of all political faiths are concerned about today. The solution to this problem lies not in blind attacks against the already established welfare principle in government, but in the realization by business men, farmers, laborers, and all other groups that there is a limit beyond which the principle can't be extended without wiping out all the advantages it can provide when it is properly construed."

The people who have been around Taft have heard him speak in the same vein these eleven years. He seems, at his first press conference at the Commodore Perry, to be on the beam again: New industrial pensions would have to be integrated with existing systems—social-security retirement benefits, government employees' retirement benefits, state teacher and public-employee retirement benefits, the railroad retirement system, numerous private corporation plans. Otherwise hit-or-miss, pay-on-demand schemes calculated ultimately to hand everyone over sixty-five a hundred dollars a month would cost twelve billion a year, to come from new taxes or increased prices, or both—a burden that would be felt first and most heavily by the small businessman trying to get started, or the one facing slack times with no reserves.

Yet that afternoon, addressing Toledo Rotarians, Taft slips right back into the semantical rut. The sole issue, he says, is personal freedom. The Fair Deal, with its Brannan Plan, its hankering for socialized medicine, universal military training, and price-fixing powers, and its bestowal of special privileges on labor, is a "totalitarian scheme," identical with the one that "bankrupted Britain." And that night, before five hundred members and guests of the Toledo United Nations Association, Taft drags out once more his pet substitute for military aid to western Europe: a "Monroe Doc-

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trine" for western Europe. "Probably no doctrine has been so successful in maintaining peace as [this] unilateral declaration that did not contain the slightest suggestion of arms for any Latin American country." But some of these people know their history. It was the British Navy that made the Monroe Doctrine stick. And Frenchmen don't want to be overrun and "liberated" again. What Taft says here proves he's no isolationist of the McCormick school, if that's what he's trying to prove; but it also makes him sound fairly naive.

Thus go nine days of the hundred; nine punishing days for a man who hates to travel, hates to make formal speeches, hates to shake hands with strangers—a slice of an intensive stumping tour of the sort usually associated with election eve, yet in this case timed fourteen, thirteen, twelve, eleven months before the fateful day. Why on earth does he do it? And what is it getting him?

I am persuaded that Taft's reasons for embarking on the venture were: First, he felt he could spare the time this fall, as he could not in 1944. Second, he felt that he was not close enough to the people, that they were not getting from other sources the truth about what he regards as the fundamental issues, or about where he stands on them. Third, he feels that if he loses next November, no man in the Senate or House will dare stand by convictions of which organized labor might not approve. I have listed these reasons in what I suppose is the inverse order of their importance in the Senator's mind.

As to what the self-inflicted punishment is getting him, I would guess that it has won him some 1949 votes. Unfortunately for Taft, the election is scheduled for 1950. And many things, both within and beyond Taft's power to control, can happen between now and November, 1950.

There are some factors in the Senator's favor. CIO-PAC showed its political immaturity early in the summer by putting forward Murray D. Lincoln, a transplanted New Englander long identified here with the Farm Bureau Federation and Co-op movements. Lincoln is a Republican, and therefore anathema to the Democratic organization. He is not overly popular with Ohio farmers. To many Ohioans he is simply an unknown quantity (actually, Lincoln is probably better known in Americans for Democratic Action circles back east than he is here). But Lincoln pulled the rug out from under himself when he insisted on an unopposed primary, something labor could scarcely deliver, since State Auditor Joseph T. Ferguson had long since declared. At the international CIO convention in Cleveland in late October a spokesman admitted that Lincoln was out, and that labor had no candidate in view.

It is generally conceded that Governor Frank J. Lausche could give Taft hell, and perhaps beat him. But political observers believe Lausche, who has said that he would not be a candidate for the Senate, has his eye on bigger game. The governor is personally attracted to the senior Senator, and vice versa. A contest between them along ideological lines would give the voters no very meaningful choice. Mayor Thomas A. Burke of Cleveland, labor's newest darling, is a very outside possibility. He, too, has said emphatically that he is not a candidate. He has just been re-elected mayor, and is said to aspire to the Federal bench. Darkest of the dark horses is Commerce Secretary Charles Sawyer, who was a good Democratic vote-getter as governor. As this is written, however, the competition to Taft consists of only front-running Ferguson. And "Jumping Joe" is not likely to get even the full Democratic vote.

Another factor in Taft's favor, as of late 1949, is the Ohio farmer's lack of enthusiasm for the Brannan Plan. If the Republicans in Congress continue to back Taft on more flexible supports, with a minimum of "regimentation," the Truman farmer-labor coalition is not apt to pan out here. After all, the 1948 combination was quite spontaneous, due less to anything the Democrats did than to Dewey's personal unpopularity and farmer pique at a Republican majority on Capitol Hill that gave the impression of not caring much of a damn for any price-support scheme. The not inconsiderable Taft stake in last November's vote on adoption of the so-called Massachusetts, or candidate-type, ballot, was some fifty to one hundred thousand votes. The old ballot had to be marked only with one labor-saving X on the party column headed by the gubernatorial candidate, and in recent years popular Lausche has swung many votes to the whole Democratic slate. There is no love lost between farmers and organized labor, especially the CIO, in Ohio.

Finally, there is (or at least one senses) a gathering groundswell here that is difficult to define. About all one can say is that it crosses party and occupational lines, and that it is growing rather than diminishing. It might be summed up as a questioning mood: a tendency to re-examine the happy Truman phrases of 1948 in the light of what has transpired, to re-examine even some of the basic tenets of the New Deal and its heir, the Fair Deal. There is a feeling that the Administration has bitten off more than it can chew. Those who have come to depend on Federal support are beginning to see that every dollar that goes to the other fellow may be a dollar less for them, or for some program dearer to their hearts.

All this works against the Truman dream of a "people's coalition" in Ohio, and therefore against the hope of focusing on a man to carry the anti-Taft banner.

On the debit side are a few specifics and a great many imponderables. Organization Republicans, of the Cincinnati Ninth Street gang ilk, will not, as Brother Charles P. Taft, the Charterite councilman and Bob Taft-for-Senator booster, has loudly declaimed, help much. They have learned nothing, and sometimes they manage (like the Wherrys, Capeharts, and Kems) to give the impression that Taft hasn't learned enough. Guilt by mutually unenthusiastic association, one might call it.

But the biggest threat to Taft remains Taft himself, with his recent and somehow alarming tendency to abandon reasoned argument for catchwords and slogans.

It may well be that the Senator really believes that bankruptcy and ruin are just around the corner. In politics the distance between corners is relative, at best. But someone ought to remind him that the Republicans wore out the fright-word machine way back in 1936, with that "Only X Days to Save the American Way of Life" nonsense. —LLEWELLYN WHITE

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Britain

New Outpost of Isolationism

There is still reason to wince at the ancient joke about the British newspaper headline which ran: GALE LASHES CHANNEL: CONTINENT ISOLATED. This autumn, the continent was isolated as far as the British Government was concerned.

From the beginning of the Marshall Plan, through the signing of the Brussels Treaty and the Atlantic Pact, the British exercised a major influence on events in Europe. It was recognized that Britain was the key to European economic recovery, and therefore, quite properly, was to be the initial recipient of a major share of ECA dollars.

The recovery came; last spring, when the ECA asked for a new Congressional appropriation, it displayed charts of production that rose in eye-catching curves above prewar levels. The curves will swing even higher as the longer-term projects begin to bear fruit.

But recovery of production in the individual countries was only the first phase of the Marshall Plan. The second, and more important, was to achieve greater integration of the European economies, in order to provide the cost-and-price advantages of a larger market.

From America, western European integration has looked too easy all along. Most Americans have been unaware of, or underestimated, the difficulties. Most Europeans have been very aware of them, the more so as the Benelux countries have begun to hesitate on measures they were expected to adopt promptly, and the project for French-Italian customs union has stubbornly remained a project. But if the prospects were never as bright as they looked on the west side of the ocean, they were triply dimmed by a series of decisions the British Government made beginning in midsummer.

There is an obvious parallel between the isolationist mood that has come over the Labour Government and the American attitude toward Europe after the First World War. A more pertinent parallel is with the attitude of the New Dealers in the mid-1930's.

A reporter who had traveled on the Roosevelt train in 1932, and sat in on the talks at Hyde Park and Warm Springs during the following winter, commented at the inauguration: "We were never further out of Europe than we are now."

Then in the United States, as now in Britain, a domestic program was making such vast claims on governmental energy that demands from overseas became downright irritants. The public was not pushing the Administration on its foreign policy; the loud demands were domestic. Then, as now, time was running out. Then, as now, German industrial power was increasing and changing the continental balance.

Viewed in the perspective of the last four months, the attitude of the Labour Party members of the British delegation at the first meeting of the Consultative Assembly of the Council of Europe, at Strasbourg in August, appears more significant than it did at the time. In the private citizens' movement which gave impetus to the official formation of the council, the most conspicuous British participant was Mr. Churchill, and at Strasbourg the members of His Majesty's present Government were somewhat in the position of being outside looking in.

The question, however, arises as to whether the Labour Party delegates were even looking; or were they merely outside?

It is true that the Council of Europe has no power except the power to talk. But it is a central sounding board, and, as the resolutions passed by the French Assembly in November indicated, it is a possible nucleus for European action. It is certainly a place where one of the facets of western Germany's relation to western Europe will be cut.

Much more important than what happened or failed to happen at Strasbourg was what happened and failed to happen in connection with devaluation. When the British did not give what the French regarded as adequate warning, they occasioned much indignation in Paris that was not assuaged by the popular explanation, "Tell the French and you tell the world."

It is true that the anti-inflationary forces which had been set in motion in France in December, 1948, had to some extent been slowed by the drought of last summer, which raised prices of various agricultural products, and by the demands of workers for a larger share in the economic improvement. But M. Queuille had managed to give at least a slender sense of direction to French affairs. British devaluation, and the corresponding steps made necessary in France, brought down the French Cabinet, after M. Daniel Mayer demanded that payments be made to the lower-paid industrial workers to shield them from the pinch. France was without a Government during most of October. If M. Bidault is to keep his Cabinet together, he will almost necessarily have to countenance measures that will raise other prices and strain confidence in the franc.

The gloom that darkened the ECA offices in Paris in October was perhaps excessive; some of the gloomy Americans had not been in France long enough to take Cabinet crises at less than their face value. But the impression that even six weeks or two months more without crisis would have seen the French economy definitely over the hump was a pretty widespread one, and the difference between a sound and a shaky French economy as a nucleus for western European develop-

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ments is a very grave difference indeed.

Close on the heels of the French Cabinet crisis came the OEEC meeting in Paris, where the new British isolationism was given documentary form. The continent was certainly isolated when Cripps said:

"Our position, therefore, is such that we could not 'integrate' our economy into that of Europe in any manner that would prejudice the full discharge of these other responsibilities [to the Commonwealth and the sterling area] that I have mentioned.

"Yet at the same time we regard ourselves as bound up with western Europe, not only in economic terms and in political and strategic interests, but in our culture and, indeed, in our participation in the heritage of Christian civilization."

This does not sound very much like Mr. Bevin's speech of January, 1948; it sounds still less like his speech of November, 1945. What has happened?

Speculation on the considerations which may have influenced the Government to keep out of any forthcoming western European structure can plausibly cover quite a range.

How large a factor was the bilateralism which has developed in British overseas dealings during and since the war? The idea of "fair shares" under rationing is one of the factors that has done most to make the postwar reduction in the British standard of living politically possible; as long as rationing continues, the Government must be prepared to meet the ration. Similarly, as long as the margin of resources purchased abroad for the purposes of production is as slender as it must be today, a system of licensing and allocations is arguably in the national interest. It would not be surprising if the Board of Trade had argued for retaining British freedom of action.

How large a factor was political pressure from British industrialists, deeply troubled over the forthcoming competition of German factories? Or the doubts about the stability and responsibility of the western European governments, ranging from flamboyant doubts based on the clash of ideologies to staid doubts concerning their ability to collect taxes? Or the vast amount of readjustment which any fusion of modern states would require?

No speculation is more tempting than one that the decision was related to the sheer question of available energy. How large a factor in the British attempt to bow out of the problems that beset British relations with the continent was the necessity of facing the problems of British relations with the Atlantic's other shore? It is easy to understand reluctance to spare manpower for a project of continental integration, in which the industrial and monetary risks might be considerable and the economic readjustments would certainly be great—a project which could not be brought to quick fruition—at a time when bankruptcy threatens.

Devaluation was a shot in the arm that might be of temporary help if reductions in British production costs and dollar purchases were paralleled by aggressive efforts to get into the dollar market and sell goods. But closing the dollar gap is going to take more than a shot in the arm, even if maximum use is made of the resultant energy. Consequently, many Britons have begun to wonder whether the primary problem is not Britain-and-western-Europe's dollar-earning capacity rather than Britain-and-western-Europe's economic integration.

That the United States State Department is entirely willing to work on this aspect of the problem was apparent in Secretary Acheson's recent speech before the National Foreign Trade Council, in which he said in effect that the lack of balance in international payments is an American problem even more than a European one. There is no point in American exports being financed by the American taxpayer or investor, or both.

But there is a stubborn fact which will not permit the British Government to turn altogether away from the problem of western European integration: the pressure of Germany for a place in the postwar scheme of things. The OEEC meetings in Paris were hardly over before Mr. Bevin had requested a meeting of the Foreign Ministers, with Germany at the top of the agenda.

A European cynic who viewed the joint military maneuvers of the Brussels Pact powers this summer returned with the caustic comment: "To solve the Russian problem, we must create the German problem." The rapid series of steps which have been taken since the meeting of Foreign Ministers bears him out. Western Germany, with its remaining undismantled economic strength, is to have consular and commercial representation abroad, and shipping in which to carry the products sold. The Ruhr is to produce under international auspices, with Germans taking part. Western Germany is to begin to have representation in international organizations.

The dangers of a German vacuum into which Russian forces might rush are abundantly clear; but no less clear is the fact that western Europe, if it undertakes unification, of whatever degree, with Germany and without Britain, will be dominated by Germany. And that too is a danger—one that has shown itself before.

Is it therefore possible that a main task of the coming winter is to tackle simultaneously the present lack of balance in the international accounts of the United States, and the problem of relating both the United States and Britain to the continental economy in a more general form than the present relationship through western Germany and the ECA?

Under the new agreement with Chancellor Adenauer, the relationship of the United States, Britain, and France to western Germany is bound to be less and less that of occupying powers exercising an imposed authority. The resolution passed at the OEEC meeting in November, whose most tangible offer of integration is the reduction in quantitative restrictions on fifty per cent of the mutual private trade of the co-operating countries, seems insufficient evidence on which to obtain much more than token appropriations for ECA next spring. Locally applied, the strictly military and the strictly economic phases of postwar policy seem to have passed: Is it time for the approach to become broader and more political? (One good political directive can cause myriad technical objections to vanish.)

In this connection, the forthcoming organization under the North Atlantic Treaty assumes new importance. If machinery can be found to treat the problems with which Britain is most concerned in a larger context, it may speed the passing of the Labour Government's isolationist mood in respect to western Europe.

—HELEN HILL MILLER

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Books

'Perennial Curiosity'

Reporting, as newspapermen all know, requires more than what Philip Gibbs called "a feeling for the quality of words." Fundamental is Frank Sibley's prescription — "perennial curiosity." The feeling for words is, of course, indispensable when a reporter wants to describe the mood evoked by an event. You can feel the words in Meyer Berger's report on the return of the war dead: "The harbor was steeped in Sabbath stillness . . . the mist-shrouded shores in deep, dimensional silence."

No one would ask Berger to cut out the adjectives in that story, but usually verbs are the words that count in reporting. Sentences should move swiftly and easily, containing nothing that interrupts the flow of the action. Berger needed sound effects, and called them up as naturally and appropriately as an organist does. The more usual needs are "the seeing eye and the hearing ear," as two professors of history note in their introduction to *A Treasury of Great Reporting*. (Simon and Schuster, $5.)

The great British correspondent, William Russell, who covered the Crimean War, realized the futility of the charge of the Light Brigade as he watched it from the heights of Balaklava. Similarly, Whitelaw Reid sensed the significance of Pickett's charge at Gettysburg. These were set pieces of visual reporting. Henry Villard had a more complex job at Bull Run, when he had to put together a story against a deadline in the confusion of the rout.

William Bolitho, whom Heywood Broun called the most brilliant journalist of his time (he died before he was forty), applied a philosophic understanding to his reporting of the tragedy of humankind, as Rebecca West has brought psychiatry into her accounts of war-crimes trials. These are embellishments which the old-fashioned "straight" reporter would have none of. Indeed they often violate the sturdy journalistic canon of objectivity, but they introduce an additional dimension—meaning—to the flat surface of a wire-service report.

In 1859, five years after Russell's great reporting from the Crimea, Horace Greeley wrote the first "interview." (It was with Brigham Young.) This was a bright period, when journalism was devising new techniques. It is a rueful fact that the interview has hardly developed beyond Greeley's original in ninety years, and that not until now have newspaper managers recognized the need for "interpretive" reporting. Actually, no great reporting ever was anything else. The strength of a story depends on the meaning the reporter has extracted from a situation. Edward Folliard's stories exposing the bigotry of the Columbians, Edward Murrow's broadcasts on the Battle of Britain, and Louis Stark's description of the execution of Sacco and Vanzetti—these were notable examples of strong reporting.

A flat account of these events would not have been worth the words expended. In each case the reporter conveyed to his reader the *meaning* of the facts before him.

A vast and varied assortment of such stories is collected in *A Treasury of Great Reporting*. The anthology was put together by two historians, Professors Louis L. Snyder of City College, and Richard B. Morris, of Columbia. They have gone as far back as the sixteenth century, and have come up with classic samples, over the years, of "Literature under Pressure," as their subtitle proclaims.

Inasmuch as these historians have actually produced a book—the publishers for a long while tried to get one out of journalists—journalists should approach it fairly modestly. If a complaint were to be ventured, it should be that the *Treasury* includes excerpts from books and magazines as if they were no different from daily journalism. Of course they are. There is no evidence that the pieces by Victor Hugo, Alexander Dumas, Samuel Johnson, Stephen Bonsal, John Hersey, and John Gunther were written under pressure—or any such pressure as that of a daily newspaper. The newspaper report is a distinct species and must be judged on its own standards, which are not those of literature or history. Even A. J. Liebling in the *New Yorker* sometimes had a chance to sleep on a topic and see how the newspapers handled it.

Part of the genius of the Lunts is that they know a play is only an evening's entertainment. A newspaper report, even the greatest report, is for a day's newspaper. It is not for posterity. History will have more resources and a wider lens to complete the permanent record. President Eliot of Harvard once said to a reporter, "Yours is the worst of all occupations." What he had in mind was that the reporter did not have time to do all his job demanded. That is the challenge of journalism. There never is time and there rarely is space for a performance that will stand the test of a permanent record. Great newspaper stories, beginning under arresting headlines and running over to finish between the ads and the household columns, are meant to be read between stations on a commuters' train. The passages that the historians have

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dug out of books and periodicals will serve as fine models for reporters. But the newspaper stories, it seems to me, should be collected separately and scored in their own league.

A reporter's greatest value is not in *writing,* but in *finding,* the facts, checking them, understanding them, and putting them together so that they mean something to the reader. One notes the collection includes nothing by the two greatest reporters on our national scene, James B. Reston and Bert Andrews. The most serviceable reports in a newspaper usually do not reveal enough literary form to attract the collector of "great reporting." But they are effective contributions to the contemporary record that men have to live by and vote on. Probably nobody would want to read such reports a year after they were written. At the time they were printed, readers would be interested in them with or without dramatic effects in the writing. One wouldn't want all of a newspaper to be dramatized. Most facts are prosy, and we take them for what they are—the bread and meat of our mental fare.

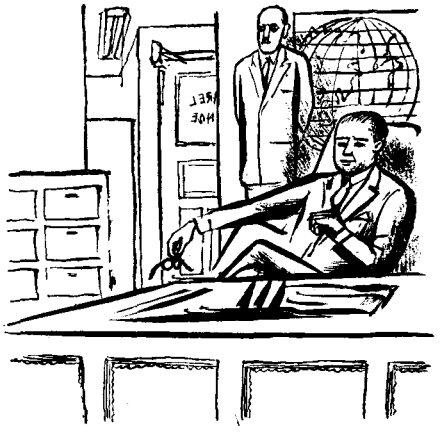
Newspapermen in a search of great reporting would, I think, have made a somewhat different selection. The historians seem more concerned with having great events represented than with great reporting for its own sake. Indeed, the selections make a segmented historical chronicle. Sometimes great events and great reporting coincide, and such happy coincidences occur in this book, notably in the war correspondence, of which there is a generous amount. But too many of the stories related are set pieces—such as a story of the 1923 solar eclipse, and most of the trial descriptions. The essence of news is its unpredictability. The reporter, unlike his neighbors, can seldom plan his day's work. He has to be just as ready as a fireman to speed to the spot where hell breaks loose; he gathers his facts under all the handicaps of excitement and disorganization, and gets them down on paper and in to the city desk before the presses roll. These are very special conditions, which make writing a tool that has to be employed violently and under the worst conditions. It is, of course, too often very badly used. But it is surprising that it is used well as often as it is, and a good portion of the *Treasury* attests to that. It is an omnibus collection. All the wire services are represented, and all the great journalistic names of earlier epochs, as well as a wide group of currently familiar bylines. Perhaps it would be carping to note that there are hardly any but the very familiar names from the metropolitan press.

Herbert Bayard Swope remarks a couple of times in the preface that reporting today isn't as good as it used to be. I think the book proves him wrong. The editors think so too. They say: "Today reporters write with greater subtlety and depth. . . . They are better grounded in scientific and technical matters."

It is perhaps worth mentioning that such classics as the excerpts from Irvin Cobb's six hundred thousand words on the Harry Thaw trial do not seem so impressive today. George Weller's account of an amateur appendectomy performed in a submerged submarine endangered by Japanese depth bombs certainly was a harder task. It is a precision job. The reporter, as well as the pharmacist's mate, had to master the unfamiliar surgical technique, and also give his terse, competent recital the true note of high drama it merited. The modern newspaper, with its cosmic pressures of space and reader interest, could not give six hundred thousand words, or an Irvin Cobb, to a Thaw trial today. Words and writers have to be more widely deployed, for the waterfront to be reported is longer than ever.

But this applies only to those newspapers that allow space for reporting and let a reporter tell his own story—and these papers are unhappily of diminishing number. The rest process everything through the same rewrite mill, and reduce reporting to "bulletin" capsules after wasting enough space in banner headlines to give the reader a full report. In many places, readers have become conditioned to expect nothing in the condensed report that has not already been condensed in the headline. Swope complains of the space wasted on headlines and leads. He says: "The American press tells a story six times"—and usually at the expense of telling it once. This is the modern habit of putting merchandising over production; in the newspaper business, merchandising by headlines has a double motive—to sell more papers so as to sell more advertising. Excessive merchandising has its dangers to sound journalism. As Bob Casey has said in his bitter reflection on the impossibility of writing great stories within the minute space assignments of some modern news editors: "You can't do it with asterisks."

The art of great reporting is not threatened by a dearth of writing talent, nor by the pressure of time on the reader, who has more leisure than ever before and takes books of 784 pages, like this one, in stride, but by the economics of modern newspapering, which finds comics and canned syndicate columns cheaper to buy than good staff reporting. If great reporting is to get into many newspapers, there must be more managing editors who will demand, with James Pope of the Louisville *Courier-Journal,* "the full dimensions of the news" as the basic obligation of the newspaper.



—Louis M. Lyons

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Contributions

The Reader Reports

The articles appearing on this page were contributed by readers in response to the theme question:

To what extent do you think our foreign policy has been affected by the Russian achievement of the atomic bomb?

Unsalutary Indifference

The entire official attitude toward the announcement of Russia's atomic explosion has been that of an ostrich burying its head in the sand. Declaring that the U. S. had expected this development, President Truman, Secretary Acheson, and other officials have maintained that U. S. foreign policy was geared to such a contingency. Truman's reiteration of America's atomic-control plan, with international inspection, at the recent dedication of the U.N. Building, would indicate that the framers of the plan had foreseen such an event.

But there has been activity which belies this stand-pat view. The swift approval of Marshall Plan funds by Congress is a case in point. The bloody Congressional battle that was expected over appropriations never came off; instead, it was a hasty, put-everything-you've-got-into-it decision. This is the exception. Diplomatic trends have not changed much since the announcement.

A recent article in the New York *Times*, for instance, commented on the tone of diplomatic notes to Russia, as well as other recent countries, in recent weeks. These notes, the *Times* reported, have been blunt and graceless in a manner heretofore unknown to diplomats. Several years ago, the *Times* went on, such notes would often have been considered direct invitations to a hot war.

Such a policy, while commendable, possibly, for its forthrightness, seems to have been undertaken with the assurance of U. S. armed superiority, due to the atomic bomb. The entire function of diplomacy permits, in effect, one government to tell another to go to hell in a honeyed, inoffensive manner. This is not double-talk or namby-pamby-ness, but merely an effective method of solving touchy problems with a minimum of bad feeling.

The U. S. has been using a bludgeon for foreign policy. Our supposed exclusive rights to the bomb and Russia's stubborn, un-co-operative attitude have made this expedient. We were operating under the assumption that Russia, as Winston Churchill declared at M.I.T. early this year, had been prevented from going to war only because of the threat of the atomic bomb. Recent events have nullified this ace-in-the-hole.

Appeasement and concessions will get us nowhere; neither will bludgeoning. The effective employment of top-notch diplomacy, coupled with a firm stand on certain basic principles, leading to workable compromises, is our best course in foreign policy. It has worked in American democracy; it may yet work in international relations.

GERALD GOLD
Brooklyn, New York

Salutary Indifference

Harry Truman's announcement that the Russians are now able to produce a you-know-what didn't seem to affect the underlying cold-war attitude at all.

His statement, quietly hysterical, produced in some a sense of real immediacy, if not fear. This feeling was reflected in the plans of many city governments to combat atomic, bacteriological, and supersonic-rocket warfare. In Chicago, for example, board meetings were held almost daily. But the same tenor of forced imperturbability was respectfully kept. ("We expected this and now we've got to make plans, just in case . . .")

Congressmen reminded voters that they had advocated a seventy-group Air Force, increased defense budgets, and other "defense preparations." The Navy thought the problem immediate enough to drag the B-36 out again as a weapon in their own anti-unification war. Some admitted that what was really needed were preparations for an offensive. ("Let's use it on them before they use it on us.")

The public, however, was too jaded by cold-war slogans to get excited. Harry Truman's attempt to dramatize the information by underplaying it fell flat. (Some papers didn't carry a streamer on the story for more than one edition.)

The fact that the same slogans are being mouthed and the same names being called, only with a little more frequency and intensity, is a further indication that there have been few, if any, changes in fundamental attitudes.

Law- and policymakers, no less than the public, soon became bored with their own shibboleths. And what has resulted is a—from one standpoint—salutary, if nervous, indifference.

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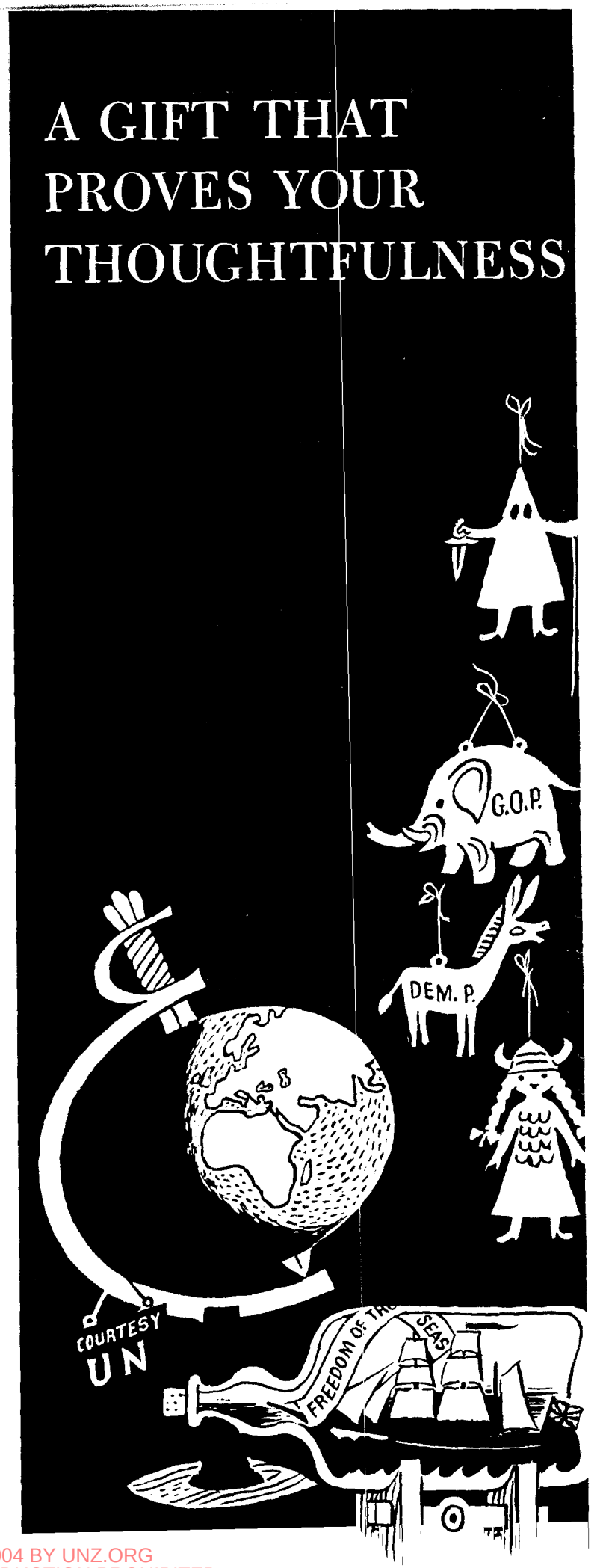

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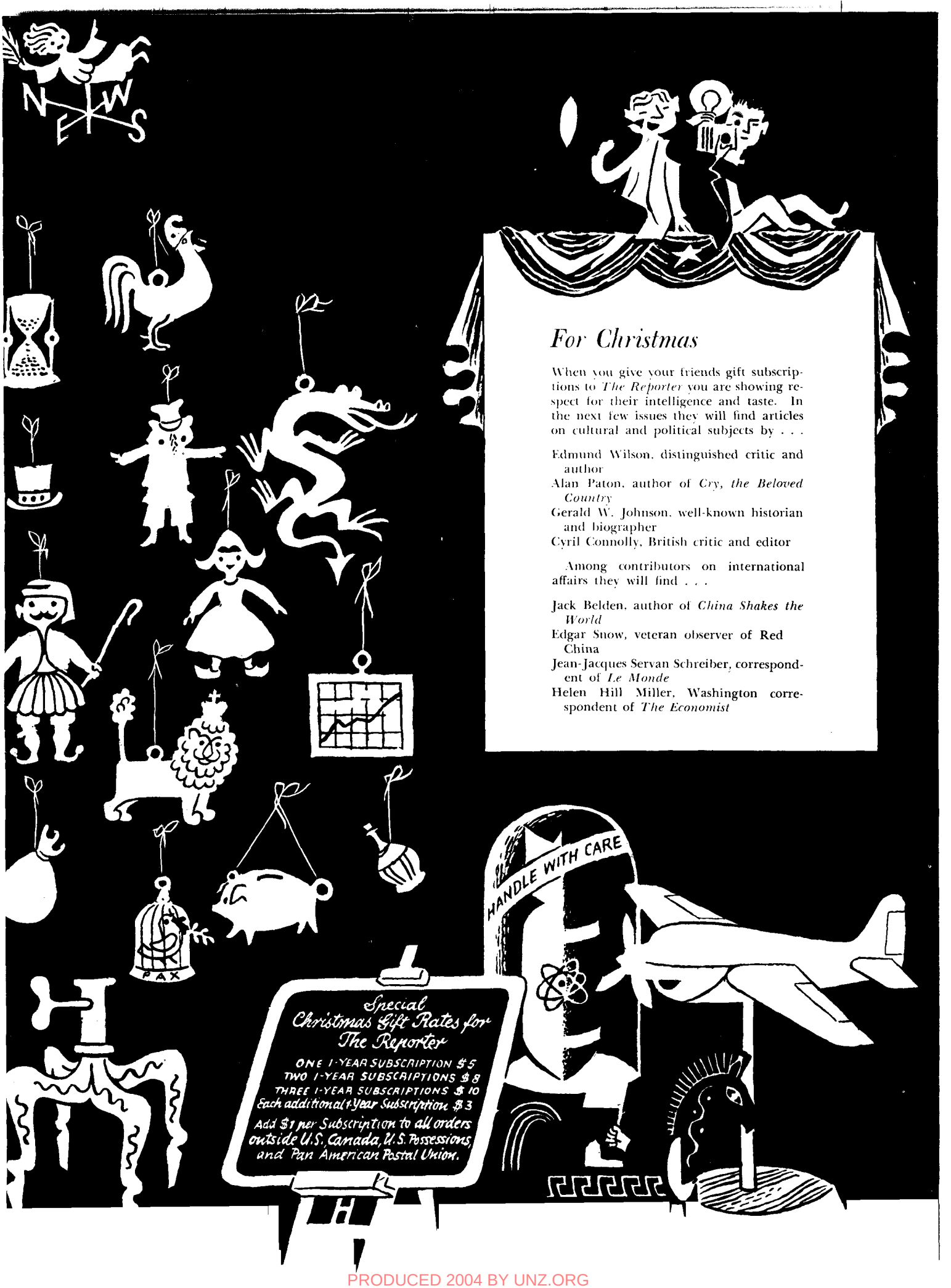

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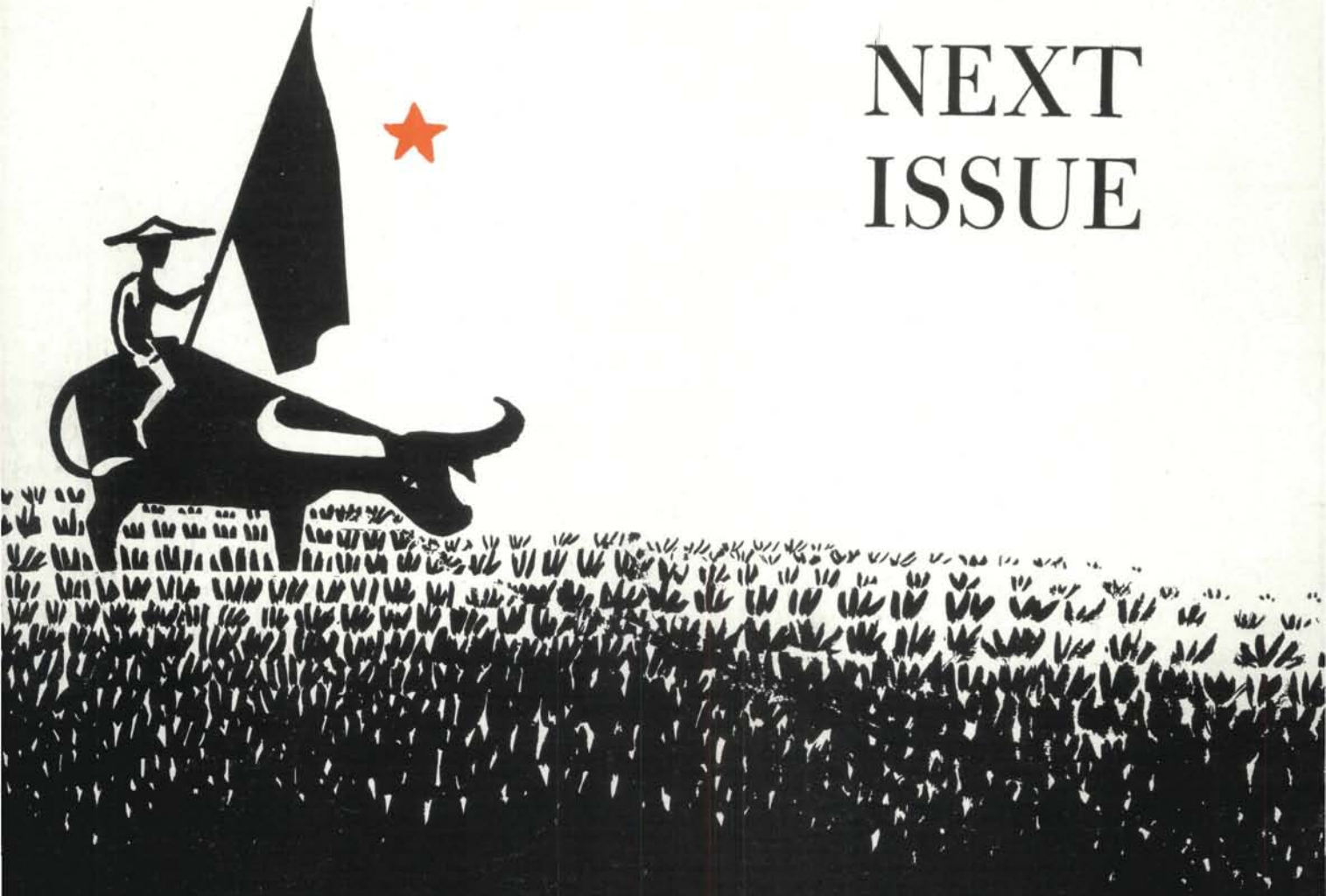

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